Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

"The truth shall make you free." Did you ever have a text ring in your ears? Well, this one has been ringing in mine. I suppose thousands of sermons have been founded upon it, but I never heard one and I'm glad I haven't. It has given me a chance to do some thinking, eager, intense thinking; thinking and thinking and swinging around helplessly as I thought. You remember sitting alone and thinking about something important and how, as you peeled the shell off in one place, the thing thought about slipped around and lay before you still unshucked. When I get a great big kernel in my mouth, I drift back along the Darwinian line until I am a monkey with a nut which is too big for me to chew. Then what happened? Mr. Monkey spat it out and it fell down upon the rock and broke. After that it was easy. In this nineteenth century we have hardly learned to practice mentally the simple tricks of our prehistoric ancestors. We want to slobber over and nibble at the nut till our teeth are sore, and even then, having failed to make an impression upon it, to put it away for a more convenient season, hoping apparently that the nut may grow more rotten or our teeth more effective.

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Within the last couple of days several people have committed suicide on the grave of a loved one on account of the death of someone near to them. I read with interest a contemporary's comment on their conduct. My confrere takes the view that suicide is the result of a belief that the suicidal persons would be held as martyrs to their love. There is, doubtless, something in this. Men, and women too, are fond of being thought intense, yet it is not always so. There are those to whom the placing or displacement of affection is everything. Their lives are so little, their world so small, that when something goes out of it they fall down and stagger about like drunken men in an atmosphere which seems to destroy all their calculations and the law of gravitation they have been used to. It seems to me a sad thing that those who love most strongly and cling to a memory even after the object itself has gone, are poorest fitted for this world. The very faculties which make them possessed of the things we should desire to have, force them to become a conspicuous failure, that thing which we all hate to be. Altogether, it is a queer world when we come to look at it and examine it. Everyone in it is a queer person, when more noticeable for his or her eccentric goodness and lovingness than for exhibitions of natural badness and unlovingness.

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There are some good points about bigots. As a rule they are the people who carry to a logical conclusion the indefensible things which they happen to believe necessary to salvation. The old-fashioned Roman Catholic bigot felt that it was much better to burn a heretic than to permit him to live and lead to perdition the souls of others. This is a perfectly tenable ground. If a man who has one soul, which has already been damned by heresy, can be consumed, the hundreds of souls which he might mislead may be saved. As the soul is of infinitely greater importance than its tenement of clay, those who really believe that heresy will destroy the souls of those who entertain a vicious doctrine should be ranked as public benefactors if they put an end to the life of the wicked teacher. It is only those who in their hearts do not believe that a so-called heresy can destroy, who will permit a heretic to live. The religious bigot is, so to speak, the moral scavenger who believes in the cremation of everything and everybody which may lead to spiritual typhoid. Looking at it from this point of view it is worth inquiring to what extent the people of Toronto are bigots and to what extent we are simply ignorant fanatics. If those who are tolerant of other people's opinions are to be scandalized by the uncouth and indefensible attempts of the ignorant to establish logically the half-truths which have been taught to them by the so-called cultured clergy, the first attempts at a reformation should be in the direction of teaching parsons to restrain themselves from inculcating doctrines destructive of the first principles of citizenship without going to the historic length of burning witches and heretics.

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We cannot run politics and religion together. The attempt demoralizes politics and prostitutes religion. If religion can't jog along without state assistance religion is weaker than I hold it to be; if the state can't get along without the prayers of a chaplain the state is in a mighty rocky condition. They occupy entirely different spheres. The business of the state is to protect the rights of the individual from the inroads of others; the business of the religious teacher is to guide the soul heavenward. The soul of nobody can start heavenward until he obeys the laws of the country, unless that soul is in a very wretched country where the laws are founded on neither justice nor experience. The state can perform its duty before it arrives at the first chapter of the catechism; it is the primary class. After the state ceases to teach, the religionist has ample opportunity to begin. The great pity is that he does not begin. Instead of taking hold of the soul of a man who is obeying the laws of his country or trying to teach the ungodly to conform to what the community has decided to be best for itself and trying to give him a lift heavenwards, the religious teacher loses his time and prostitutes his vocation by trying to excite bigotry and influencing the citizen in a sectarian way to change the laws of the country. If the parson, the rector and the priest do their work as they should, the laws of the country will be all right. If they do not do their work the laws of the country may go wrong, though it does not follow. The place for them to begin is in self-purification, not in state purification.

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"The truth shall make you free." What truth? What free? How? When? Where? We all want to be free. According to the constitution of our neighbors, every man is born free, with an inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. If we are born free—and it is true of all mankind if it be true of one nation, what is the truth to do to us? If we are not born free under what circumstances is the truth to set us free, and in what respects? Is it spiritual truth which is to set us free religiously, spiritually, eternally? Is it the truth in general which shall make us free? It seems to me so. Truth is the liberator of the world. Give us the truth about anyone or on any subject and we are fixed. How then is it we are so unsettled? Can't the truth be had? Is it in a well? Must it be dipped up by priests and scientists each claiming that his bucket holds the pearl of truth? Are the common herd to wait, consumed by thirst, till the waters are analyzed lest typhoid lurk in the draught? Surely there must be some recognized basis of truth, some admitted principles, some unfevered draught?

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Are we to be set free by what we believe or by what we know? or both? Are we to be free as far as we know or wait till we get "the truth" before the shackles begin to fall. Bellamy believes that the doctrines of his Looking Backward shall set the world industrially free. Henry George holds that nationalization of the land shall set the poor free from bonds as cruel as those worn by the tortured slave. The truths of electricity have almost set us free from the hindrances of time and space. The truths of steam liberated us from the coquetry of the winds and the weakness of animal power. Astronomy has freed us from the belief that the sun moves and geology has broken the shackles of mystery which once held the earth. Where truth has prevailed the worship of Baal has been overthrown; where the lighthouse of truth has been built there the mariner is free from shipwreck unless he in carelessness conspires against himself or the elements determine his doom.

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Yet we are not free! What one among us dare proclaim his freedom? Freedom is still the dream of patriot and progressist, the tassel on the cap of the demagogue, the far-away tune of the enchanted piper of Hamelin. Has electricity, steam, star-gazing or rock-rending brought us freedom? Are you freer than your grandfather or grandmother was? Freer in action, in heart, soul, mind, body? Where you have shaken off a chain or broken a rivet, how many new ones have been forged. Is the truth setting us free? Has it begun yet? Have we ceased fearing it? Are we fighting it—refusing to believe it? Can we know it? I shall be glad if some of my clerical friends preach to us of these things and let me know, that I may listen, not in a controversial spirit, but that of all the answers I may be able to give the ones which appeal most to this questioning mood.

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Surely the truly good man betraying a public trust at the behest of party bosses is altogether vanity. If Chairman McMurrich of the License Commission could have been revealed unto himself as he appeared unto others he might have waded through his own tears in rubber boots. In the great act of licensing the McCrossen premises in St. John's Ward Mr. McMurrich was a grand moral show. A politician who was born bad would have snapped his fingers at moral objections to the establishment of a new grog shop in a poor locality. The truly good temperance commissioner could not do this. A good man is often bad enough to perpetrate an outrage without being courageous enough to refrain from apologizing for the evil that he does with his eyes open. The apology that accompanied the latest of a long list of outrages perpetrated by partizan license commissions was misplaced. It was also inaccurate, and the sight of the boss of the deal weeping and sinning in the same moment was pathetic.

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Toronto has survived the greatest surprise of its civic history. It was the honored guest at the entertainment provided by Ernest Albert Macdonald. The genial host who presided at the late civic soiree is a unique character. A restless ambition joined to a dogged will and an ability to see a chance when big as a barn it looms up ahead of him were his equipment. It has been his misfortune to be generally regarded in the light of a joke. His words and acts all imply that he entertains the most serious respect for himself. Perhaps the city is not yet prepared to acquire him at his own valuation, but who can doubt that he stands better now than he did a week ago.

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The city was in a mood to take a joke or anything else sooner than keep on kneeling before the idols that party interest sets up at the City Hall. Macdonald stood for the public opinion that whatever is municipally is wrong. In his own person he figured as an extremely lively protest against the idea that the office of Mayor should permanently appertain to one man. The protest was recorded under the most discouraging circumstances, and in its strength there is a significance that whispers a warning loud in the ear of the City Hall.

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The election was a battle between amiability and aggressiveness. Popularity and power were the hostile forces in the war. Hostile I say, because no real degree of power can accompany the popularity upon which Mayor Clark has traveled up to date. He is skilled in the gentle art of not making enemies. Political interest may estrange him from those he likes, but public duty never will. An image breaker is the opponent who disturbed his dreams and surprised the city out of its seven senses. He is not a diplomat. He negotiates with a sledge hammer, and his strength is of the rugged quality that fights for everything and pleads for nothing.

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The man has courage. This much can be admitted without saying that his personal strength added many votes to the seven thousand which he polled. His strong minority is a reduced representation of the influences opposed to the principalities and powers that dominate the City Hall. Courage and courage alone enabled Macdonald in less than a week to fight down the prejudices that were strong and virulent. He is not a man to be laughed at. He saw a chance that better men were blind to, and if the Citizen's Association had owned a little less of its own timidity and a little more of Macdonald's bull-dog courage it would not have left a lone man to show how easily Toronto could be redeemed from the control of powers that almost scared all opposition out of sight.

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While riding on a Third avenue elevated car in New York one Sunday recently, I saw the most striking exhibition of inconsistent piety that ever came under my notice. The car was

A STUDY.

crowded and all the seats but one were occupied by women. The seat which served as the historic "exception to the rule" was filled by a strong, healthy-looking man, whose face wore a look of the most exalted peacefulness. He was reading a Bible. Immediately in front of him a tottering old woman stood clinging to a strap and feebly endeavoring to retain her balance as the car swayed from side to side. A sudden jolt forced her to lay her hand for a moment on the good man's shoulder. He stopped reading and looked severely at the old lady, who was apologizing to him, then, with a sigh, turned over another leaf and resumed his sanctified look and the study of the book which teaches kindness and benevolence on almost every page.

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As this page goes to press Thursday evening it is impossible to criticize here this week Stanley's story of the rear guard, which many of you have doubtless heard from his own lips by this time. I have read many yards of controversy on the subject of this horror, which was black enough to cast a gloom over darkest Africa, and cannot help thinking that after Mr. Stanley has replied so fully to his assailants through the press he might let the matter rest. The fact that he has written the story of the rear guard as a drawing card for his lecture lays him open to attack, for it seems as if he were making capital out of what all Britons feel to be a disgrace and revealing that mercenary side of his character, with which he has been credited by many of his enemies. Whether Mr. Stanley was innocent or not someone connected with the expedition was blameworthy, and it seems to me that the cannibals might pose as benefactors of the race if they gave up eating meek, inoffensive missionaries and devoured an occasional explorer.

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The inoculation of several patients at the hospital the other day with Dr. Koch's remedy for consumption has doubtless had the effect of bringing forcibly home to many minds the fact that something more reliable than quack medicine has been discovered to combat one of the most dreaded ailments which afflict mankind. The reports of trials carried on in Berlin and other distant places do not carry conviction as does the same thing here at home. If Dr. Koch's experiments are in any large degree successful the benefits conferred by the discoveries of Jenner and Pasteur, great as they are, will grow small in comparison. The eagerness with which people flocked to Berlin on the announcement of this discovery reminds one much of the descriptions given by Biblical writers of the Nazarene, in which the sick were brought to each new prophet to be healed. The loathesomeness and infectiousness of small pox and the fury of rabies, while sufficient y dreadful in themselves, are at worst but occasional in their visitations. The cadaverous countenance and hollow cough of the consumptive are, in our cold and variable Canadian climate, always with us. No disease is more peculiarly distressing in its nature, both to the one afflicted and his or her friends. The sick person hopes against the ever-present shadow of despair, which points to a speedy fate that hitherto medical science has striven with in vain. The sick person's friends have to stand by and suffer the pain of helpless inaction, while day after day they see the object of their affection going lingering down to certain death. If the records of this malady were written they would furnish more pathetic incidents than any other in the history of disease. If Dr. Koch's remedies are successful he will be blessed by thousands as the greatest benefactor the centuries have produced. The fact that the lymph has been proven an almost infallible mean of detecting latent tuberculous affection is in itself of the greatest importance as a means of checking the disease in its incipient stages. J. V. M.

Social and Personal.

The Grenadiers' second assembly on Tuesday last was a most deserved and pronounced success. Webb's assembly rooms were carefully arranged, and their handsome appointments were very harmonious with the gay gowns of dancing belles and the elegant costumes of the elder ladies. An abundance of light, excellent music, and carefully considered accommodations and details, went far to creating an atmosphere of perfect pleasure. The committee, to the judicious energy of which, many thanks are due, was composed of the following gentlemen: Major Mason, President, Capt. Eliot, Capt. Gibson, Lieut. Lowe, Capt. Cameron, Capt. MacMahon and Capt. Heward, Secretary.

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Among those who wore pretty gowns, and they were pretty on this occasion, were: Mrs. Armour, white lace; Mrs. A. Gooderham, gray satin and silver brocade, with trimmings of fringe; Mrs. Merritt, pale blue embossed silk and crimson roses; Miss Parsons, white tulle with moire bodice and ribbons and white flowers; Miss Arthurs, pale blue and silver; Miss Bunting, white and gold embroidery; Mrs. Croil, pale gray bengaline and gray feathers; Mrs. Ryerson, gray brocade and pearls; Mrs. Torrance, white lace and moire, with pearl ornaments and feathers; Miss Dawson, white and blue; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, white lace insertion and ribbon; Mrs. Cameron, pale blue net with bodice of silk and trimmings of ribbon, white flowers; Mrs. Wright, pale pink satin *en traine*, with fillet of velvet and flowers; Mrs. Bolton, white silk and feathers; Mrs. James Crowther, pale blue satin and brocade, diamond ornaments; Miss Dawson, blue and white; Miss Homer Dixon, white silk and brocade; Mrs. McDougall, black net; Mrs. Meredith, white silk *en traine*; Miss Wadsworth, pale blue and pink roses; Miss Lena Cawthra, pink satin and pearls; Miss Todd, white and gold; Miss May Todd, pale blue; Miss Maud Rutherford, heliotrope and violets; Miss Amy Rutherford, yellow tulle; Mrs. George Dunstan, cream duchesse satin with pearl embroidery; Miss Palmer, old rose silk.

Following is a complete list of invited guests: Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. F. Arnold, Mrs. George Arthurs, Miss Arthurs, Miss Elma Arthurs, Mr and Mrs. J. A. M. Alley, Mr. A. J. Arnold, Mr. A. L. Blanchard, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. A. O. Beardmore of Acton, Mr. H. J. Bethune, Mr. George W. Beardmore, Mr. A. C. F. Boulton, Capt. Henry Brock, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Bristol, Mr. J. W. Bain, Capt. G. H. C. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardsmore, Miss Bush of Niagara Falls, Miss Boswell, Miss Amy Boulton, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Miss Beatty, Miss M. Beatty, Miss Beaumont, Miss Grace Boulton, Miss Bethune, Mrs. W. J. Haines, Mrs. Bain, Miss Bain, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Miss Bethune, Miss M. L. Bethune, Miss C. Boulton, Miss Richford, Mr. H. B. Boulton, Miss Rudyard Boulton, Miss Buchanan, Mr. R. R. Bruce of Hamilton, Miss Bunting, Miss D'Arcy Boulton, Miss A. Bethune, Miss M. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Melford Boulton, Mr. Bolte, Mr. F. Beardmore, Mr. R. B. Beaumont, Mr. J. G. Burnham, Mr. W. H. Burnett, Capt. Beatty, Mr. G. D. Badgley, Mr. C. W. Beatty, Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. George W. Blackie, Mr. W. H. Bogg, Mr. H. C. Beltbee, Mr. C. A. Bogert, Mr. W. C. Brough, Mrs. C. C. Baine, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Crowther, Mr. J. B. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. James Crow Baines, Mr. C. J. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. James Carruthers, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Cosby, Mr. H. Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Croil, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mr. Duncan Coulson, Mr. Hugh Cameron of Galt, Mr. Alex. D. Cartwright, Miss Cartwright, Miss M. Cartwright, Miss Castle, Miss Clarke, Miss Cawthra, Miss Helen Cawthra, Miss Crooks, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Cameron, Mr. H. E. C. Carry, Dr. F. P. Cowan, Mr. V. Chadwick, Mr. R Capreol, Miss Cook of Montreal, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Fraser Dickson, Col. and Mrs. Fred C. Denison, Lt.-Col. Dawson, A D.C., Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Duggan, Capt. and Mrs. Drayton, Mr and Mrs. Geo. Dunnan, Mr. Frank Darling, Miss C. Dickson, Miss Florence Dickson, Miss Dixon, Miss K. Dickson, Miss C. Drayton, Miss Dawson, Miss Edith Dixon, Mr. F. P. Dumoulin, Mrs. Walter Dickson, Capt. Eliot, Mr. A. K. Evans, Mr. T. D. B. Evans, Miss May Ellis, Miss F. Ellis, Major and Mrs. Ellis, Miss Evans, Mr. E. W. Edwards, Mr. George E. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. John Foy, Mr and Mrs. A. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Fleming, Miss Isabel Foot, Judge Finkle, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Fitz Gibbon, Miss Ford, Mrs. Shelton Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. J. J Foy, Miss Teresa Fuller, Mrs. Fuller, Miss Francis, Dr. Ferguson, M.P., and Mrs. Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Fisk and the Misses Fisk of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Fisk, jun., of Buffalo, Lt. Col. Grasett, Capt. and Mrs. A. Cecil Gibson, Mr. F. Gray, Capt. and Mrs. H. V. Greene, Miss Gimson, Mr. and Mrs. A. E Gooderham, Miss Gerald, Mr. Fred H. Gray, Mr. S. A. C. Greene, Miss Carrie Gerow of Buffalo, Dr. F. M. Grasett, Mr. Clarence Graves of London, Eng., Major Harrison, Mr. S. A. Heward, Mr. J. C. Hopkins, Capt. D. M. Howard, Mr. A. McD. Howard, Mr. C. Edwin Heward, Miss Lucy Harris, Miss Emily Hepburn, Mrs. McLean Howard, Miss McLean Howard, Miss Hodgins, D.- and Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Heaton, Miss Houseman, Miss Hees, Miss Jennie Hazel, Mr. Wm. J. Hendrie of Hamilton, Capt. Hay, Mr. R. Hepburn, Mr. C. Hamilton, Mr. A. Hoskin, Major Gen. and the Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ince, Mr. S Murray Jarvis, Mr. J. Gordon Jones, Miss Jones, Mr. H. C. Jones, Mr. T. S King, Capt. and Mrs. Nicol Kingsmill, Dr. and Mrs. E H. King, Mr. and Mrs. M. Kertland, Miss Maude Kertland, Miss Kerr, Miss Helen Kay, Miss Kingsmill, Miss Grange Kingsmill, Mr. E. A. K. Nut, Mr H. Kingsmill, Mr. T. S. Kelly, Mr. H. V. Knight, Major, Mrs. and Miss King of Port Colborne, Com. and Mrs. Law, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee, Mr. W. Standish Lowe, Mrs. Leahy, Miss Lee, Miss Mabel Lee, Miss Lockhart, Miss Gertrude Lockhart, Miss Lundy, Mr. and Mrs. Burdette Lee, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Lyon, Mr. Lapham, Dr. Lehmann, Mr. A. F. Laing, Mr. J. H. Laurie, Mr. Norman Leslie of Montreal, Mr. A. M. Lash, Mr. R. Maclennan, Mr. C. Macarow, Major Mason, Mr. George S. Michie, Mr. J. D. Moison, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mulock, Miss B Morphy, Mr. D. J. Murchy, Mrs. J. Michie, Miss Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. McCulloch, Mr. A. E Mason, Miss Montgomery, Miss Maurice, Mr. M Monson, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Mr. E W. Morphy, Capt. Morrow, Capt. Michie, Miss Morrison, Miss C. Morrison, Miss Milligan, Miss Edith Morphy, Miss MacWhirter, Miss M. Meredith, Miss Morgan, Miss F. M. Mason, Mr. and Miss Merrick, Mrs. Michie, Miss Major, Mr. W. J. Murray, Mr. P S. Mills, Mr. Jas. Matthew, Mr. I. Gordon Macdonald, Mr. D'Arcy Macmahon, Sir David and Lady Macpherson Mr. J. Drummond MacNab, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh MacCarthy, Mr J. A. Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Mr. D. T. MacGlennan, Mrs. Hugh MacMahon, Mrs. A. L. MacPherson, Mr. H. C. MacNaughton, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Capt. J. B. McLean, Mr. Claude MacDonell, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCraig, Capt. and Mrs. McDonald, Miss MacKay, Miss Macdonell, Miss McMicking, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gordon McKenzie, Miss McCarthy, Capt. Macpherson, Miss Mackenzie, Miss Louie Mackay of Cobourg, Mr. J. A Mac Donald, Mrs. MacKenzie, Miss McGillivray, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Neville, Mr. H. E. Nunn, Mr. and Mrs. E. O'Keefe, Mrs. Osborne of Brantford, Miss O'Keefe, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. Orwell, Mr. H. O-ley, Miss O'Connor, Col. and Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mr. A. E. Peuchen, Miss Parsons, Miss Millie Parsons, Miss Palmer, Mr. J. H Pauw, Mr. C. A. Pipon, Mr. W. Y. Payne, Mr. A. P. Payne, Mr. Osborne Parkes, Mr. Percy Palmer, Miss Kate Parsons, Mr. H. C. Parsons, Mr. Charles R. Pope, Miss Helen H. Pope, Miss Catherine R. Pope, Mr. J. Grant Richards, Mr. E C. Rutherford, Miss Agnes Ross, Dr. and Mrs. G. S. Ryerson, Miss S Richards, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Rutherford, Mrs. Hugh Ryan, Mr. R. L. Baynes Reed, Miss Richards, Mr. C C. Ross, Mr. F. J. Roche, Miss Ross, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Ryerson, Mrs. Rathbun, Miss Rollins of Buffalo, Mr. A. E. Reed, Mr. H. Reed, Mr. George Ross, Mr. F. W. Rolt, Miss Sherwood of Ottawa, Capt. and Mrs. Sloan, Hon. Frank Smith, Mr. C. S. Smith, Miss Sibyl Seymour, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss Small, Miss Swabey, Miss Clara Smith, D. and Mrs. Richard Snelling, Miss Skeaf, Miss Kate Sproule, Mr. Hervey Smith, Mr. and Mrs. George Sproule, Mr. G. N. Shanley, Miss Hilda Sherwood of Ottawa, Mr. R. K Sproule, Mr. J. T. Small, Dr. Sullivan, Mr. Andrew Smith, Mr. Frank Skill, Miss Seymour, Miss Carrie Smith, Mr. Charles Swabey, Miss Lily Swabey, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Swabey, Mr. Paul Sweatman, Miss Mabel Skae, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smith, Mr. W. F. Smith, Mr. J. M. Saunders, Mr. William Spratt, Major George Starke, Victoria Rifles of Montreal, Lieut.-Col. Stevenson, D.O.C., Mr. and Mrs. John Small, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Tait, Capt. Tassie, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Torrance, Miss Ada Temple, Miss Temple, Miss Lily Taylor, Mr. G. Thorburn, Mis Tucker of Lockport, N.Y., Capt. Turner, Mr. J. Thornton Todd, Miss Trotter, Miss May Temple, Capt. and Mrs. C. V. M. Templ, Miss Taylor, Miss Todd, Mr. H. M. Thomson, Miss May Todd, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Vankughnet, Major Vidal, Mr. J. S. Vankoughnet, Mr. C. M. Wilson, Mr. Charles Walker, Mr. F. Wyld, Hon. R. M. Well, Mr. D. R. Wilkie, Mr. Ernest Wragge, Mr. N. Weatherston, Mr. and Mrs. H M. Watson, Mrs. C. S. Wilbur, Miss Wadsworth, Miss Jessie White, Capt. R N Wilson, Miss Walker, Mrs. Wallis, Mrs. H. C. Weister, Miss Wilkie, Miss Wragge, Mrs. Constance Wragge, Miss Ethel Weatherston, Miss Weatherston, Miss Wilson of Quebec, Mr. and Mrs. D. Walker, Miss Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wright, Miss Wilson, Mr. J. McG. Young.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson gave a dinner-party on Tuesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tait.

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Captain Macpherson left the city on Wednesday for New York. Thence he will proceed to Fort McLeod to rejoin his regiment.

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Mrs. Cockburn of Sherbourne street will entertain a number of guests at dinner on Thursday next.

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Invitations have been issued by Mrs. Holland of St. George street for a ball. The date named is January 28.

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Mrs. Donald Ridout will welcome guests to a ball on January 20.

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Mrs. Cameron of Carlton street will be absent from the city on a visit to her mother while the extensive addition to her handsome home is being completed. The new wing will contain a large ball room and a picture gallery.

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On Thursday evening Miss Cameron of Queen's Park gave a charmingly arranged dance, of which I shall write more next week.

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Miss Brough entertained a large number of friends at a most daintily-effective tea on Wednesday last.

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Miss Marjorie Campbell received a large number of friends at her regular monthly reception on Wednesday last.

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Mrs. G. T. Blackstock has issued invitations for a small dance on January 21. Mrs. Blackstock is giving this dance in honor of some friends from New York and Boston, and will receive her guests at the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists.

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Mrs. Frank Hodgins will welcome friends to a dinner-party on Wednesday next.

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It is with much pleasure that I announce the net proceeds of the Charity Ball. Over and above all expenses there were $650, which sum has been presented to the Infants' Home.

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Miss Lay of Morvyn House gave a pleasantly arranged afternoon tea on Thursday last.

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Mrs. Blaikie of Bloor street welcomed a number of friends to afternoon tea on Friday. The tea was given in honor of Mrs. Rathbun of Desoronto, who is Mrs. Blaikie's daughter, and at present her guest.

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Miss Milligan of Sherbourne street left on Friday to visit Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne of Brantford.

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Col. Sweny's elegant home on Bloor street was brilliantly lighted on New Year's Eve, when the many guests who had been bidden to dance the old year out, began to arrive in their pretty gowns or sober dress suits. Mrs. Sweny received her guests in the large drawing-room, while the wide hall and billiard and dining rooms were thrown into one for dancing. Music was stationed on a flight of steps, and the elegantly-fitted conservatory was a delightful "sitting out" retreat. Supper was served in that large room on the third floor, which will accommodate a very large assemblage. The stairs were most artistically decorated with banks of pink begonia, and the whole large house was thronged with merry guests. As the clock struck twelve, Col. Sweny made a speech in which he wished all his guests the happiest of Happy New Years. Toasts were drunk, replies tendered, the whole gay company sang Auld Lang Syne, and the dancing began again.

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Mrs. Sweny received her guests in an elegant gown of white silk, simple in its fashioning and trimmed with lace; Mrs. Banks wore red satin, with fur trimmings; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, white satin, with ornamentation of jeweled passementerie; Miss Seymour, white net, with green velvet dots; Miss Sibyl Seymour, white silk with ruffled trimmings of yellow; Miss Cartwright, pale blue china silk; Miss M. Cartwright, pink surah and net; Miss Fanny Small, pale blue silk, with pink roses; Miss Bunting, white; Miss Marjorie Campbell, white gros grain silk, with violets; Miss Strange, white silk; Miss Cameron, black lace; Mrs. Tait, white silk; Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, white.

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Amongst those who patronized the theater last week at different nights were: Mrs. Bankes, Mr. David Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Brock, Mr. and Miss Bethune, Mr. Manning, Mrs. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mrs. Crowther, Miss Cassel, Mr. Hollyer, Mr. and Mrs. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, Mr. Matthews, Miss Magee, Mr. Heath, Mrs. Henry Moffatt, Mr. Dugald McMurchy, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Clarke, and others.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake have issued invitations for two dinner-parties—one on the twenty-second and another on the twenty-third of January.

* * *

Mrs. Godwin Gibson of Bloor street entertained a number of friends at tea on Thursday afternoon. The tea was given in honor of a guest from Woodstock.

* * *

Mrs. Henry Cawthra welcomed the following guests to dinner on Tuesday evening: Bishop of Toronto, Mrs. Sweatman, Justice and Mrs. McMahon, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Tait, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Wallis, Mr. Small, Mr. B. Cronyn, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Edith Cawthra, Mr. Churchill Cockburn, Mr. S. Nordheimer.

* * *

Mrs. L. R. O'Brien gave a nicely arranged tea last Saturday. Among those present were Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. McPherson, Mrs. E Blake, Mrs. Winstanley, Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Cassells.

* * *

From the *Constitution*, Atlanta, Ga., I take the following personal: "Mrs. Leigh of Toronto, Ont., is a guest at the residence of Rev. Dr. R. S. Barrett of Houston street. She will spend the winter in Atlanta. Mrs. Leigh is the daughter of Mr. Charles Lindsay, the present Registrar of Toronto, and widely known throughout the Dominion as an author and writer on politico economic subjects."

* * *

An enjoyable dance was given by the guests of 32 John street on New Year's Eve. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Hilton, Mr. and Mrs. Gus Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Dennis, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Godfrey, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Hugh Dennis of Cobourg, Mrs. and the Misses Vivian, Messrs. J. C. Dick, J. Dick, Langtry, McLean Howard, Milligan, Richards of London, and T. Eyre, the Misses Macdonell and the Misses Thompson, Messrs. Oswald, Cowan, McMillan, White, Baker, Helliwell, Ross, Milligan, and A. C. Macdonell.

* * *

Miss Edith McCollum of Jarvis street gave a very pleasant At Home to a number of her young friends on Friday evening last.

* * *

Miss Gertie Robbins of Walkerville is visiting her aunt, Mrs. W. W. Keighley of Winchester street, and before her return will spend a few days with her aunt, Mrs. F. J. Phillips of Queen's park.

* * *

Mrs. Smart of Grange road had a delightful afternoon tea on Wednesday,—December 31. Among those present were: Miss Vickers, Miss Beatty, Miss Maud Beatty, Miss Michie, Miss Dixon, Miss Allan, Miss Kennedy, the Misses Helliwell, the Misses Gooderham, the Misses Beatty, the Misses Lee, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Miss Clark and the Misses Scott.

* * *

The Legal and Literary Society of Osgoode Hall will give a dance on January 25. It is promised to be a grand dance with perfection of detail to insure comfort and pleasure.

* * *

Rev. W. Hoyes and Mrs. Clarke welcomed the choir of St. Barnabas church to dinner at the Rectory on Tuesday evening last.

* * *

On Tuesday evening, December 30, a pretty little wedding took place at the residence of Mr. Julius Duncan, Huron street, when his daughter Henrietta A. Duncan was married to Mr. Arthur J. Rahkin of Toronto. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. G. Wallace. Mr. J. A. Duncan officiated as groomsman and Miss Lulu Duncan as bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Rankin went south to Virginia on their wedding tour.

* * *

Mrs. Lydia Leavitt, authoress of Bohemian Society, and Around the World, is a guest at The Arlington.

* * *

Few evenings this season have been so enjoyable as the At Home given by Mrs. and Miss Lillie of Sherbourne street last Thursday evening.

* * *

The friends of Miss Louie Denning of Philadelphia, formerly of Quebec, will be glad to hear that she is now in Toronto visiting Mrs. Paul Von Szelski of Homewood avenue.

* * *

Miss Ethel Robertson of Belleville is the guest of Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson of Derwent Lodge.

* * *

Mrs. C. Green of St. George street gave a delightful dinner party on Monday evening, in honor of the wife of Dr. Green, who recently married a very charming American lady of Baltimore. Mrs. Green also gave a dainty luncheon party on Tuesday for her guest.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Tuesday evening of last week was the night chosen by the commercial travelers for their sixth annual ball, and they are to be congratulated in the highest terms for the manner in which everything was carried out. The drill hall presented a gorgeous appearance with its festoons of flags and armour, also the trails of evergreens and flowers caught in a most artistic manner to the ceiling, from the center of which there was an enormous horse-shoe with flowers. The orchestra was perfect, composed of the best players from Toronto, Buffalo and Hamilton, and it was a treat to listen to these delightful strains, which made the dancing all the more enjoyable. I noticed the gowns worn on this occasion were exceedingly pretty and handsome. Mrs. James Macpherson wore a beautiful gown of gray silk and lace, spangled with steel cones; Miss Moore of Edinburgh wore black satin and lace; Mrs. Bali, black velvet with pink silk; Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, white brocade and crepe du celine; Miss Dunlop, white satin; Mrs. Ricketts, black satin; Miss Ricketts, pale gray tulle; Mrs. Wilson of Woodstock, yellow silk and tulle; Mrs. Hamilton, white crepe du celine; Mrs. George Hamilton, bronze tulle and silver; Mrs. F. Warner, black satin and steel; Mrs. Skinner, white silk; Miss Turner, black satin and velvet; Miss Walker, pale rose moire with pink roses; Mrs. McCuaig of Woodstock, yellow crepe du celine; Miss Zealand, black lace; Miss Dyer, a beautiful crimson velvet gown with net to match; Miss Carpenter, pale heliotrope crepe; Mrs. Fuller of Woodstock, white tulle with lace and ostrich feathers; Miss Spratt, yellow gauze and white jet; Miss Moore, pale pink silk; Miss E. Billings, pale green and mauve; Miss Kerr, white silk; Miss Gowinlock of Paris, black and silver gauze. It was well on to daybreak when the last of the gay throng had to leave after having spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Mrs. McCuaig of Woodstock has been the guest of Miss Walker of Hunter street.

Mr. Percy Bellingham of Montreal spent New Year's week in town with his friends here.

On Wednesday evening Mrs. Mills of Bellone gave a charming dance to dance in the New Year. There were about two hundred present, some of whom were: Mr. and Mrs. Fornevet, Mr. and Mrs. F. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Tidswell, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Herring, Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ramsay, the Misses Briggs, Dunlop, Turner, Barker, Watson, Garrett, Gillard, Hobson, Billings, Monaghan, Gartshore and Spratt, Mrs. Fuller of Woodstock, the Misses Martin, Katie Mills, Young, Lottridge and Mason, Messrs. Gates, Young, Faithfull, Dewar, C. Bruce, Ambery, Burns, Leggat, Dumonlin, Barnard, Martin, Pottinyer, Gartshore, Southam, Garrett, MacGiverin, Billet, Ricketts, Gillard, and many others.

Mrs Simpson gave a small dinner party on New Year's night.

Mr. Hugh C. Baker gave a skating party to Dundas on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan entertained a number of her friends to dinner New Year's night.

Miss Leila Pringle of Prescott is the guest of Miss Pringle of Hannah street.

Miss Lillie Hamilton has returned from New York after a three months' visit.

Mr. Charles Dunlop of Montreal is in town on a short visit.

Mrs. Robert Skinner gave a small dance on Friday evening.

Mrs. Lottridge was at home on Saturday of last week to a large number of her friends. Among them I noticed Mrs. Hendrie, Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Mackelcan, Mrs. Leggat, Mrs. Mewburn, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Gartshore, Miss Gartshore, Miss Hendrie, Miss

(Continued on page Eleven.)

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Driftwood Fires.

Driftwood is in great demand for open fires, among fashionable dwellers by the sea, because the remains of old copper nails, and, perhaps, chemical substances from the sea water, cause it to burn with a brilliant green flame that is very beautiful. A certain New York ship owner gives orders to his masters that they bring in from the voyage any pieces of waterlogged wreck that they may find drifting about, for this purpose. So great is the demand for this fuel that dealers prepare logs by soaking them first in a solution of copper, and then in sea water; and a log so prepared will give a brilliant green light for an entire evening.

Her Worst Fears Realized.

"Mary," exclaimed a Hawley street husband breathlessly the other evening as he dashed into the house, while his eyes looked volumes of emotion, "I was just coming past Jones' house and I looked through the window and saw him kissing his wife, and they've been married seven years."

"Heavens!" ejaculated the wife, as she rose to her feet and gazed at her husband with horror; "my worst fears are realized. John, you've got too drunk again."

And the poor man sat down to his tea with an appetite that appeared to have run against something and suffered blunting.—*Binghamton Leader.*

Couldn't Very Well.

Dr. Pillsbury—Well, Mr. Sceptic, did you follow my prescription?

Sceptic—No. If I had I would have broken my neck.

Dr. Pillsbury—Why, what do you mean?

Sceptic—I threw the prescription out the window.—*America.*

Society As He Found It.

Mrs. Intrade—Where is your father?

Adult Son—He is at the store, editing his edition of Society as I Have Found It.

Mrs. Intrade—What? A book?

Son—Yes, a ledger, full of unpaid and uncollectable bills.

Boudoir Gossip.

The New Year has opened before us, and resolutions made in the impulse of a better hour have already been broken. This making of resolutions has been so unsystematically carried out that it is no wonder sharp things are said of the weak-willed or the over-ambitious. It is a bad plan to let wickedness pile up during the last months of the old year, and expect to turn none but unsullied pages in the future. We cannot work marvellous changes in character in a day's time; yet there is no reason why we should never strive to see the wrong in our own hearts, and, better still, to counteract it. There is that in the last of a year's life, which saddens us. It need not make us gloomy or suicidal, but if it make us earnestly ambitious to do better things, say fewer unkind words and broaden the little charity-streaks in our hearts, no one need laugh at "resolutions" and "swearing off." Don't "swear off" so continually, but swear on a few good characteristics for a change and see if it will not work an improvement.

*

MY DEAR MARGUERITE,—Your dainty little souvenir reached me safely, and will you please accept my hearty thanks for it, and my earnest wishes for a Happy New Year.

*

Jane writes me as follows:

MY FRIEND CLIP CAREW,—In answer to your question about the wearing of earrings, I wish to say: The fashion of piercing the ears in order to insert the pretty jewels, is undoubtedly a relic of barbarism; yet sometimes I confess I admire them. In my youth, I wore them, to please a dear mother, and shall probably, often wear the unobtrusive ornaments, that I own; but think the girls of now-a-days are very wise, in their non-adoption of the old-time embellishment of ears like pink-lined shells, or those plain and without beauty. Still, I confess, that on some occasions they may adorn the ears of your country friend JANE.

P. S.—I promise, though, not to wear arrows, set with diamonds, as I have noticed, sometimes in my wanderings, nor hoops as large as those worn by the colored women, whom I saw at the Charleston Market. J.

*

A clever English girl made with a friend a brief visit to some brothers in Canada last summer. They came out *via* New York and returned by Quebec. From the interesting description of her journey in an article read before a society in London, I cull a few paragraphs. Her bright way of looking at things and contrasting customs, together with the very English phraseology and ideas makes it especially readable, and I am only sorry that I cannot give the whole article.

Speaking of the hotels in New York she says:

"The first thing that struck us was a large side doorway labelled Ladies' Entrance, but its necessity was soon explained, for the principal entrance lobbies of the hotels seem to be the places of resort for the masculine part of the community. Here they stand, and sit in chairs in the lobby, on the broad steps and on the side walk—usually smoking and gossipping as only men can. No drinking whatever did we see in these halls. The youths on duty in the lobbies and in charge of the elevators are blacks, and very dignified and courteous they are."

The next paragraph deals with people, and their very questionable taste in wearing jewels at all times. I would like to ask the far-away English maiden if she found Canadians quite as fond of diamonds.

"The quantity of jewelry worn by both sexes is very noticeable. Even the babies in arms are bedizened with rings, bracelets and brooches, not to mention necklaces; whilst their seniors are loaded even when traveling. We were almost overcome by the profusion of diamonds, but a brief survey at a neighboring jeweler's, threw considerable enlightenment on the subject—diamonds were cheaper than beefsteaks."

Following this comes a contrast of British and American customs, regarding the use of street crossings, and a mischievous allusion to New York styles.

"No one, except the ignorant or eccentric British tourist, crosses the street except at the crossing. We two started off the first day in characteristic fashion—till we were restrained and urged 'not to give ourselves away.' It was too late, I fancy, for any such urging, for, a couple of hours before I had reached the conclusion that our dressmaker had 'given us away' beautifully, in not adorning the backs of our dresses with tails, after the manner of a gentleman's evening coat, with twenty-four large buttons, according to the latest New York styles."

Coming to Toronto from Lewiston, the first glimpse of our city was from the deck of the steamer, and it is thus that the British tourist writes of it:

"There, on the shores of the lake, lay the Queen City of Canada, and on the dock was a veritable gathering of the clans to bid us the heartiest of welcomes to Canada. Only fourteen days had passed by since we had left London. It seemed like months. The change from the American cities to Toronto was very marked. Though the city retains some of the characteristics of transatlantic towns, yet the tone is unmistakably English. We did not need to be told that we had left the land of stars and stripes.

Although only forty years have passed since Toronto was known as the village of Muddy York, it is to-day a handsome, prosperous town, with broad streets, fine stores and banks, stately churches and municipal buildings, worthy the capital of Ontario. Most of the streets have trees along the edge of the sidewalk, affording grateful shade and considerable enhancement to the view. In the residential parts of the city the houses are very fine, with well-kept lawns sloping to the sidewalk and, as a rule, no wall or railing in front. The quietness of the Sunday is most marked. All the saloons are closed from seven Saturday evening till seven Monday morning. No traffic, except a very occasional buggy, is to be seen. All the stores are closed, no boats are on the lake, no local trains run, and the places of worship are thronged. Very proud are the Toronto folks of the quiet Sabbath, and they have abundant reason. I think the way in which the people in some of the Western cities—New York, Chicago and Buffalo, and the Roman Catholics in the Eastern provinces spend the Sabbath has made the English Canadians very tenacious on this subject.

After a little time spent about Toronto, the writer of the sketch left her friend here, and took a trip westward with a brother, whose business called him through the towns of Western Ontario. The following description of our train-system is amusing, for to us, the inquisitive old woman and the vivacious news agent are a very substantial part of railway traveling, and we would almost feel lonely without them.

"The cars are on the pullman system, and there is no class distinction. The baggage is all checked, so that the traveler is not worried as in England with looking after his goods and chattels. Each car is provided with a lavatory and cistern of iced water for drinking. Books, newspapers, fruit, nuts, chewing gum, pocket books, etc., etc., are brought through the cars for sale every few minutes. The people talk in the most unrestrained fashion. They catechise you, and directly they find you are from the old country they fire questions on you in the most alarming way, as 'Do you know Mrs Jones of Birmingham, or Mrs. Guthrie of Edinboro'?' Directly a person is bored with anothers company, he changes his seat or car—a charming arrangement.

*

These few paragraphs proved especially interesting to me, but there is much more that is cleverly drawn from a most penetrating observation. New towns seem to have surprised this real Englishwoman, by the rapidity of their growth. "Everything," she says, "is new—new schools, new churches, new houses, new graveyards."

The quaintness of Montreal and Quebec is especially commented upon, as is also the trip down the St. Lawrence. The entire journey covered only fifty days, but two bright English girls had seen much of American life in its whirl and ceaseless care, much of the quieter Canadian method of existence and a great deal of varied natural scenery—enough to furnish pleasant, interesting and instructive conversational topics for many a twilight evening, when they gather with their friends around their cheerful firesides in far-away English homes.

CLIP CAREW.

The Legend of a Dichess.

The Duchess sat by the latticed pane.
And watched the world as it passed below,
A Christmas world in its garb of snow;
And her look was full of a fine disdain.

She counted her presents one by one;
The Duke's great pearl with its ruby set,
The Empress's splendid coronet,
And a hundred more ere the tale was done.

Yet her heart was full of a minor strain;
She longed for the skies of a southern land,
For light and beauty on every hand,
And the Christmas bells of her native Spain.

She felt the breath of that warmer air,
And saw the cathedral, old and gray,
Where on festival days she was wont to pray,
With a lace mantilla upon her hair.

A quiver crept to her haughty mouth,
Her breast heaved under the diamond clasp;
Though she had more than a Queen could ask,
She pined mid the ice for the South! the South!

At length there entered a dainty page,
A casket he bore from some mighty lord,
Which should have hidden a Peri's hoard
Of treasures held from another age.

She lifted the lid in a listless way,
Then her face was filled with a sudden light,
For there lay the roses, red and white,
Which had bloomed in Spain but the other day.

Fairer she seemed than ever before,
Dancing that night at the Emperor's ball;
But, as for her jewels, she scorned them all;
Her only gems were the flowers she wore.

—*New York Sun.*

Had to Keep It

Senator Fry tells this story: "I was in Washington, at Spokane Falls, last year, and was entertained by one of the local boomers. He was a patriarchal old fellow, with a long beard, who looked like a deacon, and was worth five or six million dollars. He took me out to drive behind a fine pair of horses and showed me the town. One of the objects that attracted my attention was a very long building—a tremendous affair, one of the longest buildings I ever saw in my life. 'How many gambling games do you suppose there are in that building?' asked my friend, the patriarch. 'Give it up,' said I. 'Thirty-nine of 'em,' said he, in a triumphant tone. 'Gracious!' said I; 'and how many bars?' 'Thirty-nine.' 'Now, look here, my friend,' said I, 'you must destroy that thing or it will destroy you.' 'What do you mean?' he demanded. 'Mean? I mean that you ought to drive it out of town.' 'Good God, senator,' said he, 'if we lose it, Tacoma'll get it!'"

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Female Complaints	General Ill-Health

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Very often are ladies subject to misjudgement on account of their hair not being cared for. There is nothing which can improve or favor the expression of the face more than the hair. It is very difficult for a lady to dress her own hair becomingly without the addition of some artificial hair, which will save time and trouble and the appearance. Every article in Hair Goods, be it for style, comfort, necessity or for protection from colds or neuralgia, may be had ready-made or made to order on short notice at
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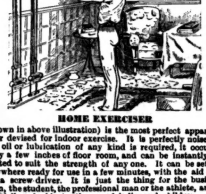

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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vixen," "Like and Unlike," etc

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CHAPTER I.

THE FATE READER.

"I look down to his feet, but that's a fable."

There were low brooding clouds and a feeling of thunder in the air as Gerard Hillersdon's cab rattled along the King's Road, past the squalor and shabby gentility of the side-scenes of Chelsea, towards quiet rural Parson's Green. Only a few years ago Parson's Green was still one pr-ten-tious hamlet, and where now the speculating builders' streets and terraces stretch right and left in hollow squares and close battalions, there were fine old Georgian and pre Georgian mansions, and stately sweeps of lawn and shrubbery, and elms of old world growth, shutting out the hum and hubbub of the great city.

To one of those respectable old mansions, that one which was occupied as the Fate borough House in the extent and dignity of its surroundings, Gerard Hillersdon was driving un ter the heavy sky of a July afternoon, the lowering close of a sultriness and oppressive day. Never, not even in mid-winter, had the smoke-curtain hung lower over London than it hung to day, and if the idea of fog seemed impossible to July there at least prevailed that mysterious condition of the atmosphere, commonly known as "oilight," a thick yellow haze, unpierced by a single sun ray.

To Gerard Hillersdon, ordinarily the most sensitive of men, the atmosphere on this particular afternoon made no difference. He had got beyond that point in which atmosphere can raise a man's spirits or depress them. He had made up his mind upon a solemn question of life or death; and this kind of day seemed as good to him as any other, since he meant it to be his last day upon earth. He had made up his mind that life and he must part company, that for him at least,life was not worth living; thus the gray and yellow of the atmosphere, and the darkly lowering sky, with clouds to windward suited his temper far better than the blue sky and west wind which Lady Fridoline would have desired for her pleasure.

Incongruous as the thing may seem the young man was going to spend his last earthly afternoon at Lady Fridoline's reception, but for a man utterly without religious feeling or hope in the Hereafter such a finish to existence seemed as good as any other. He could not devote his last hours in Paradise, if made up world that was to come after death, as he had no belief in any such world. To him the deed that was to be done before midnight must swift, sudden extinction, the end of all things for him, Gerard Hillersdon. The curtain which was to fall upon the tragedy of his life tonight would rise upon no afterpiece. The only question which he had taken into serious consideration was the mode and manner of his death. He had made up his mind about that. His revolver was lying in its case in his lodging house bedroom, under the shadow of St. Jerome's image, ready loaded—a six-shooter. He had made no will, for he had nothing to leave behind him, except a heavy burden of debt. He had not yet made in his mind whether to write an explanatory letter to the father he had sorely tried, and a brief farewell to the mother who fondly loved him, and whom he loved almost as fondly; or whether it were not better to leave only silence.

Not in sheer frivolity was he rattling along the road to Parson's Green. He had a stronger motive in going to Fridoline House than the desire to get rid of his last afternoon in the bustle and excitement of a herd of idle people. There would be someone there most likely whom he most ardently desired to meet, were it but to touch her hand and to receive the good-night for ever—as she stepped into her carriage, or were it but for one little smile seen the crowd.

She had told him only the night before, sitting out a waltz in the tropical heat of a staircase in Grosvenor square, that she meant to be at Lady Fridoline's *omnium gatherum*.

"One meets such queer people," she said, with the regulation insolence. "I would not miss Lady Fridoline's Zoological Varieties for worlds."

A feather blown across her pathway might be enough to divert her feeling into another channel. He knew her well enough to know that there was no such thing as certainty where she was concerned. Into the coffee-room he went to Parson's Green, and his eye ran eagerly along the double line of carriages, looking for her liveries.

Yes, it was there, the barouche with its sober coloring, and the men in their dark brown coats, black velvet breeches, and silk stockings, and the fine upstanding Cleveland bays, strong enough to pull a Carter-Patterson van, yet with enough breeding for beauty. Wealth expressed itself here in that well-bred refined taste which education has imposed even upon the cit. The money that had bought that perfect equipage had all been made amidst the steam and grime of the stock exchange, but the carriage and its appointments were every whit as perfect as those of her Grace of Uplandshire, which had stood next in the mews.

She was there—the woman he wanted to see and speak with on this his last day.

"I am coming, my lady, my sweet," he muttered to himself, as he wrote his name in the big book in the hall, the record by which Lady Fridoline was able to find out how many strangers and celebrities had been imposed upon her hospitality in the shape of friends' friends.

The crowd was tremendous; the house and grounds buzzed with voices, through which from the bosquet yonder cut the sharp twanging notes of a Tyrolese Volkslied, accompanied on the Irish zither by the girl in the inner drawing-room sounded the long drawn chords of a violin attacking a sonata by De Beriot. On the left of the great square lawn the bowling green filled with a commanding crowd; and on the lawn outside there was a subsidiary buffet under a pollarded Spanish chestnut which spread its rugged roots and boughs over a wide circle of turf, and made a low roofed tent of leaves that fluttered and shivered in the sultry atmosphere.

Every class was represented at Lady Fridoline's garden-party; or rather it might be said that everybody in London whose position could care to see was to be found on her ladyship's lawn or was to be hunted for in her ladyship's extensive shrubberies. Literature and the Stage not more conspicuous than Church and Bar—Church represented by its most famous preachers; Bar, by its most notorious advocates, to say nothing of the curates in gent of popular curates and clever stuff gowns.

Every noteworthy arrival from the great world of English-speaking society on the Atlantic was to be seen at Lady Fridoline's, from the scholar and enthusiast who had within seven octavo volumes to prove that Don Juan was the jolliest dog that ever valet Fletcher and the Countess Guiccioli, to the minim ure soubrette, the idol of New York, who had come to be seen and to conquer upon the boards of a London theater. Everybody was there, for the afternoon was late, and the throng was thinking of just at this hour Gerard Hillersdon went about from group to group, everywhere received with cordiality and *empressement*, but lingering nowhere. Not even when the tiny soubrette told him she was just dying for another ice, and she reckoned he'd take her to the tree over there to get one—always in quest of that one somebody who made it worth his while to run the gauntlet of everybody. One of his oldest friends seized upon him, a man whom he had been at Oxford seven years before, with whom he had maintained the friendship begun in those days, and who was not to be put off with the passing hand-shake which served for other people.

"I want a talk with you, Hillersdon. Why didn't you look me up last Tuesday. We were to have dined and done a theater. Don't apologize; I see you forgot all about it. The squalor and shabby gentility of the side-scenes of Chelsea, towards quiet rural Parson's Green. Only a few years ago Parson's Green was still one pr-ten-tious hamlet, and where now the speculating builders' streets and terraces stretch right and left in hollow squares and close battalions, there were fine old Georgian and pre Georgian mansions, and stately sweeps of lawn and shrubbery, and elms of old world growth, shutting out the hum and hubbub of the great city.

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the temples, and with hair and moustache of that pale yellowish hue which seems most appropriate to the faun and satyr races. Something in the way this short curling hair was set about his head and grew in the shape of the ears themselves, suggested the satyr type; otherwise there was nothing in the young man's physiognomy, bearing, or dress which made him distinct from other well-bred and well-dressed men of his age. His laugh had a fresh and joyous ring, which made it agreeable to hear, and he laughed often, looking at the commonest things in a mirthful spirit.

Lady Fridoline insisted upon his taking some refreshment, and when he had disposed of a lemon-ice, she carried him off for a stroll round the lawn, eager to let people see her latest celebrity. There was a little buzz of talk, and an obvious excitement in the air as the passed group after group. He had shown himself rarely in society, and his few performances had been greatly discussed and criticised. Letters exalting him as a creature gifted with superhuman powers had alternated with letters denouncing him as an imposter in one of the most popular daily papers. The people who are always ready to believe in the impossible were loud in the assertion of his good faith, and would not hear of trickery or imposture.

There was an eager expectation of some exhibition of his powers this afternoon, as he walked across the lawn with Lady Fridoline, and people who had been on the point of departure delayed it in the hope of being thrilled and frightened, as they had heard of other people being thrilled and frightened, by this amiable looking youth with the fair complexion and yellow hair. The very incongruity of that fair and youthful aspect with the ghastly or the supernatural, made Justin Jermyn so much the more interesting.

He walked about the ground with his hostess for some time, all her duties of leave-taking suspended, and she to all appearance absorbed in earnest conversation with the Fate Revealer, everyone watchful and expectant. Hillersdon and Mrs. Champion were sitting side by side under a tree, beside a bench, the lady no longer in a hurry to depart.

"You don't believe in any nonsense of this kind, I know," she added in her pretty, listless voice, without looking at her companion.

"I believe in nothing but disillusion, the fatalism inherent in all things."

"You are in an hypochondriac mood to-day, I think," she said, looking at him now with a touch of interest.

"Hypochondria, perhaps," he answered, with a laugh, "you can hardly expect anybody to feel very happy under that leaden sky."

Lady Fridoline and her companion had separated. He was walking towards the house; she was going rapidly from group to group, talking and explaining with animated gestures, her hand in eager clasp of the forefinger, "said Mrs Champion, rising. "If there is any excitement to be had let us have our share of it."

"You are hunting secrets of your life to be read?" asked Gerard.

"Yes, yes, yes. I want to see what modern magic can do."

"And you are not afraid? That is because yours is only a surface life—an existence that begins and ends in wealth and luxury, fine houses and fine horses. What have you to fear from sorcery? There are no more secrets in your life than in a doll's life."

"You are very impertinent, Gerard."

"I am going away, and I can afford to quarrel with you. Would to God I could stir one spark of feeling in you—yes, even make you angry before I go.

"I am afraid you are an egotist," she said, smiling at him with lovely, inscrutable eyes.

"Shall we consult the fate of Lady Fridoline.

"Are we going to have any magic?" she asked.

"You must not utter that word before Mr. Jermyn, unless you want to offend him. He has a horror of any idea of that kind. He calls it black magic, gift only insight, the power to look through the face into the soul behind it, and from the mind to the life which the mind has shaped and guided. He claims no occult power—only a keener vision than the common run of mankind. He is going to sit in the library for the next half-hour, and if anybody wants to test his capacity they can go in—one at a time—and talk to him."

Anybody seemed likely to be everybody in this case, for there was a general and hurried movement towards the house.

"Come," said Edith Champion peremptorily, and she and Hillersdon followed the crowd, leaving in advance of most people, with swift, vigorous steps.

The library at Fridoline House was a large room that occupied nearly the whole of one wing. It was approached by a corridor, and Mrs. Champion and her escort found this corridor choked with people, all eager to interview Mr. Jermyn.

The approach to the oracle was strongly defended, however, by two gentlemen, who had been told off for that purpose, one being a general of engineers and the other a professor of natural science.

"I shall never get through this herd," said Gerard, looking with infinite contempt at the throng of smart people, all panting for a new sensation. "Let us try another way."

He was an intimate at Fridoline House, and knew his way to the small ante-room at the back of the library. The door of this room were unguarded he and his companion might surprise the wizard, and steal a march upon all that expectant frivolity in the corridor. The whole thing was beneath contempt, no doubt, and he, Gerard Hillersdon, was not even faintly interested in it, but it interested Edith Champion, and he was anxious to please her.

He led her round by the hall and Lady Fridoline's boudoir to the room behind the library, opened the door ever so gently, and listened to the voices within.

"It is wonderful, positively wonderful," said a voice in a swift, excited undertones.

"Are you satisfied, madam; have I told you enough?" asked Jermyn.

"More than enough. You have made me utterly miserable."

Then came the flutter of a silken skirt, and the opening and closing of a door, and then Jermyn looked quickly towards that other door which Hillersdon was holding ajar.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"A lady who would like to talk with you before you are exhausted by that clamorous herd in the corridor. May she come to you at once?"

"It is Mrs. Champion," said Jermyn. "Yes, let her come in."

"He could not possibly have seen me," whispered the lady, who had been standing behind the door.

"He divined your presence. He is no more a magician than I am in that matter," said Hillersdon, as she passed him, and closed the door behind her.

She came out after a five minutes' conference, much paler than when she entered.

"Well, has he told you the old doll her latest secret, the mystery of a new gown from Felix or Mandle?" asked Gerard.

"I will see you now. I prefer to have anything to say to me, Mr. Hillersdon," said Jermyn airily.

"I am with you in a moment," answered Gerard, lingering on the threshold, and holding Edith Champion's hand in both of his. "Edith, what has he said to you; you look absolutely frightened."

"Yes, he has frightened me—frightened me by telling me my own thoughts. I did not know I was so full of sin. Let me go, Gerard. He has made me hate myself. He will do as much for you, perhaps; make you odious in your own eyes. Yes, go to him; hear all that he can tell you."

She broke from him, and hurried away, he looking after her anxiously. Then, with a troubled sigh, he went to hear what this new adept of a doubtful science might have to say to him

The library was always in shadow at this hour, and now, with that gray threatening sky outside the long narrow Queen Anne windows, the room was wrapped in a wintry darkness, against which the smiling countenance of the diviner stood out in luminous relief.

"Sit down, Mr. Hillersdon, I am not going to hurry because of that mob outside," said Jermyn, gaily, throwing himself back in the capacious arm-chair, and turning his beaming face towards Hillersdon. "I am interested in the lady who has just left me, and I am still more deeply interested in you.

"I ought to feel honored by that interest," said Hillersdon, "but I confess to a doubt of its reality. What can you know of a man whom you have seen for the first time within the last half hour?"

"I am so sorry for you," said Jermyn, ignoring the direct question, "so sorry. A young man of fine natural gifts—good looking, handsome, well-bred—to be so tired of life already, so utterly despondent of the future and all its fabulous changes, that he is going to throw up the sponge, and make an end of it all tonight. It is really too sad."

Hillersdon stared at him in blank amazement. Mr. Jermyn made the statement as if it were the most natural thing in the world that he should have fathomed the young man's intention.

"I cannot accept compassion from anyone, least of all from a total stranger," he said. "Pray tell me how you have come by my appearance that moves you to this wild conjecture?"

"No matter by what indications I read your intentions," answered Jermyn lightly, "you know I have read you right. You are one of my easiest cases; everything about you is obvious—even your dress. The man of fashion who has just left us needed a subtler power of interpretation. She is one of those who Sam Weller would call their own sham; and I think she will admit that I startled her. As for you, my dear fellow, I am particularly frank because I want to prevent you carrying out your foolish intention. It is useless and worst thing that a man can do with his life is to throw it away."

"I admit the man's right to offer me advice."

"You think that is out of my line. I am a fortune-teller, and nothing else. Well, I will tell you your fortune, Mr. Hillersdon, if you like. You will not carry out your present intention—yet awhile, or in the mode and manner you have planned. Good afternoon." He dismissed his visitor with a courteous nod as he rose to open the door communicating with the corridor, whence came a buzz of eager voices, lively with the spirit that never fails to be prepared to be startled, yet could but regard the whole business in a somewhat jocular spirit. It was only the most few who gave Justin Jermyn credit for occult power.

Edith Champion was one of the handsomest women in London, a woman whose progress was watched at all grand receptions and public gatherings by the hum of an admiring multitude whispering her praises or telling the uninformed that the beautiful dark-eyed woman with the Roman face was Mrs. Edith Champion. Four years ago she had been one of a trio of lovely sisters, the daughters of an impoverished Irish peer, who had had wasted a fine fortune on the turf, and was ending his days in debt and difficulty at a mouldering grange in Connaught. The three lovely sisters were such obviously marketable property that aunts and uncles were quick to compassionate their forlorn condition, and they were duly launched in London society. The two elder were young women of singular calmness and perspicuity, and got themselves married respectably, the eldest married forward and wilful, and expressed an absurd desire to marry Gerald Hillersdon, the man she loved. This desire was frustrated, but not so promptly as it should have been, and the young lady contrived to make her attachment public property before uncles or aunts could crush the flower of sentiment under the heavy foot of worldly wisdom. But the sentiment was crushed somehow, the world knew not with how many tears, and the young lady married for mercy, and the season after this foolish entanglement Edith Champion accepted the addresses of a middle-aged man, a millionaire, millionaire, who made a handsome settlement than the astute marquis had made upon her elder sister.

Mr. Champion was good natured and unsuspicious, his mind almost entirely absorbed in that exciting race for wealth, which had ended in his possession of a fine fortune. He wanted a beautiful wife as the ornament of his declining years, and the one thing needed to complete the picture was a home he had built for himself on a healthy ridge among those romantic hills where Surrey overlooks Sussex. The finishing touch was the picture to be chosen for this palace, and he had chosen that crowning ornament is a very deliberate and leisurely manner. He was the last man in the place himself by any foolish speculations as to the sentiments of the lady so honored, or to be harassed by doubts of her fidelity. He had no objection to seeing his wife surrounded by youthful admirers—was she not meant to be admired, as the rare and costly ornament? He found no fault with the chosen band of "nice boys" who attended her afternoon At Home, or filled the back of her box between the opera and the supper hour. He had if Gerard Hillersdon were more constant than all the others in his attendance, the fact never presented itself to the mind of the lady or Mr. Champion. Had he given himself the trouble to think about his wife's relations with her admirers, he would have assured himself, and told himself that she was much too well placed to overstep the limits of prudence, and that no woman in her right senses would abandon a position so envied by her sisters and a Mayfair street for the caravanseries that lodge the *divorcee*. He would have remembered also that his wishes were law to that indulgent, liberal as it was, would be made null and void by an elopement.

And thus for three years of his life—perhaps the three best and brightest years in a man's life, from twenty-five to twenty-eight—Gerard Hillersdon had given up all his thoughts, aspirations, and dreams of happiness to the pleasures of all love affairs, an attachment to a virtuous married woman who had accepted her lot as an unloving wife and who meant to do her duty, in her own cold and measured way, to an unloved husband; yet who clung to the memory of a passion that had sacrificed a position of her lover, caring, or at least seeming to care, nothing for his peace, and never estimating the wrong she was doing him.

To this one passion everything in the young man's life had been sacrificed. He had begun his career stuffed with ambition, believing in his capacity to succeed in more than one profession, and in the first flush of his manhood he had done some really good work in imagination, and had made his brief success as an original writer, romantic, light of touch, unconventional; but he had been drifted into idleness by a woman who treated him as some queen or princess in the days of chivalry might have treated a knight, who spilt his career, just when a lasting success was within his reach, needing only earnestness and industry on his part. She had wasted the golden days of his youth, and had given him in exchange only smiles and sweet words, and a place at her dinner table in a house where he had lost all prestige from being seen there too often, the one inevitable guest whose presence counted for nothing. He had been in all things her slave, the slave of her caprice, and idling and wasting his attention and his substance on her favorites, faithful to her caprice of the hour, were I never so foolish.

And now after three years of this fond slavery the end had come. He was ruined, and was worse than ruined. He had been living from hand to mouth, writing for magazines and newspapers, earning a good deal of money in a casual way, but never enough to keep him out of debt; and now he saw bankruptcy staring him in the face, and with bankruptcy, dishonor, for he had gambling debts which, as the son of a country parson, he ought never to have incurred, and which it would be disgrace not to pay.

Had this scandal been his only rock ahead, he might have contented it as other men have treated such dark episodes. He might have told himself that England is not the world, and that there is always room for youth and daring under the tropical sun of a country with which a man has been labeled at starting in life is not so interwoven with his being that he need shrink from leaving it behind and giving himself a fresh start. He might have reasoned thus had he still felt the delight in life which makes the adventurer live down sham and set his face to untrodden worlds across the sea. But he had no such delight. The zest of life had gone out of him. Love itself had lost its fervour. He hardly knew whether he cared any more for the woman to whom he had sacrificed his youth, whether the flame of love had not expired altogether amidst the vacuity of two conventional existences. The only thing which he knew for certain was that he loved no other woman, and that he took no interest in life adequate to the struggle it would cost him to live through the crisis that was coming.

And thus, with all serious and deliberate consideration, he had resolved upon a sudden exit from a scene which no longer interested him. Yet with a curious inconsistency he watched the young lady opposite Edith Champion's society, and never had he seemed gayer or happier than he seemed that evening at the triangular dance in Hertford street.

They were dining in a little octagon room at the back of the house, a room upholstered like a tent, and furnished in so Oriental a fashion that it seemed a solecism to sit on upon chairs, and not to be eating pillau or Kiboba with one's fingers. The clerical cousin was a very agreeable personage—plump and rosy, strongly addicted to good living, and looking upon the beautiful Mrs. Champion as a person whose normal state was to be adored by well-bred young men, and to dispense hospitality to poor relations.

Not a word was said about Justin Jermyn throughout the dinner, and yet the thing was helping Mrs. Champion to put on her cloak she asked, suddenly:

"How did you get on with the Fate reader?"

"Very badly. He struck me as an insolent *faiseur*. I wonder society can encourage such a person."

"Yes, he is decidedly insolent. I was rather scared by the things he said to me, but a few minutes' thought showed me that his talk was mere guess work. I shall never ask him to any party of mine."

"You must have rushed away in a great hurry. I was only five minutes closeted with the oracle, but when I went to the hall you and your carriage had vanished.

"I had an irresistible desire to get out of the house. I felt as if I were escaping from Tophet; and then I had to call for Mrs. Gresham, the cousin, "at the Knightsbridge Bible School, where the poor dear has been slaving at Lady Penniddock's refreshment stall."

"It was abject slavery," protested Mrs. Gresham. "I'm afraid I shall detest tea and coffee all the days of my life, and I was so fond of them," with profound regret, "at the very look of a bath bun will make me ill."

"Depchous," said Mrs. Champion. "We shall have a cup of coffee at the new Zetlina if we go on dawdling here."

"He was abject slavery," protested Mrs. Gresham. "I'm afraid I shall detest tea and coffee all the days of my life, and I was so fond of them," with profound regret, "at the very look of a bath bun will make me ill."

"Depchous," said Mrs. Champion. "We shall have a cup of coffee at the new Zetlina if we go on dawdling here."

And so in a feverish hurry she led the way to her carriage, where there was just room enough for Gerard on the front seat opposite.

(To be Continued.)

Sumway—That man Thompson is an awful liar. He says he lives in Kew and he has planted potatoes one day, and had them for dinner the next.

Jenkin—Well, it doesn't hurt potatoes at all to lie in the ground over night—*West Shore.*

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Grandmother's Story.

Yes, girls, I've seen a heap of changes in my day, but about the curiousest thing of all is the way some people don't change. I remember one woman in particular. She was a bright girl, full of uncompromising opinions, never satisfied to question statements in the Bible it self if they did not tally with her idea of right and wrong, and she kept her parents and teachers busy while she was growing up. After she got older she was able to compromise a little, but not to any great extent. To her right was right and wrong was wrong, pure and there were no shades of difference. The one did not approach and mingle with the other, but they were clearly divided by a sharp line that a child's mind could see.

One night think that so pronounced a code was plain sailing, but such was not the case. She was a regular kill joy to a merry party fairly bristling with principles and codes, like a fretful porcupine. When she went out picnicking she wouldn't dance and she wouldn't drink cider because the line between its sweetness and hardness was so hazy. She wouldn't play any of the simple games because of their air of levity. As for cards, dominoes, chess or checkers, she looked upon them as special servants of old Satan himself.

At the same time she was a bright, healthy, laughing girl, very well educated and very interesting. Her marriage was a surprise to everybody. Her husband was a sinner from for into life, and as it turned out, he was no more honest than intellectual. He committed forgery in a very clumsy manner, and was caught almost immediately.

Jennie was what novelists call stunned. She stoutly maintained his innocence after she came out of the stupor that at first seized her but when he himself confessed she turned away and never mentioned the subject again.

He got out of the penitentiary after serving half a year, and everybody was curious to see how she would receive him; but nobody saw them meet, nor was any explanation ever offered. They appeared at church as usual, and outwardly their life resumed its old course. A good many people wondered why there had been no rupture, but said it was because Jennie was so conscientious. She considered the marriage tie indissoluble, and was determined to make the best of it. She made life endurable by putting the whole transaction in the past, and never allowing herself to dwell upon the subject.

I remember one night I was at a lecture by Josh Billings. Among other things of trenchant wit he said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God, but there has been such a limited demand for the work that the greater part of the first edition is still in the Author's hands."

The house shrieked in appreciation. John Harrison himself laughed—he was Jennie's husband—but Jennie's complexion turned a sickly green, and she leaned back in her chair almost unconscious. I began to get a faint idea then of how intensely she suffered.

Her troubles were not to end with her husband's disgrace. A half sister came to live in Maine, a bright, innocent girl of fourteen, had become "one more unfortunate," and her father drove her from his house. Mrs. Harrison was apprised of the fact, and she straightway wrote and offered the girl a home. In her secret soul she abhorred her and her frailty, but she received her well, clothed her decently, and gave her a neat room. She studied to be cordial and pleasant, and allowed Mary all the privileges of a home. But the girl felt that she was not loved or wanted, and gradually fell to the position of a servant. John and Jennie, having no children, talked a great deal to each other, and a third party could not help feeling in the way.

Jennie, in her cold manner, tried to improve Mary, who had been much neglected; she gave her music lessons, and helped her with other studies; but in her soul she had no sympathy with the girl, and would have felt relief could she have heard the clods fall upon her coffin. She never knelt down that she did not pray that God would remove this feeling of bitterness, but when she arose she soon found herself reverting to thoughts of the cemetery and as safe retreat. And yet she considered herself a good Christian.

Jennie was then getting along in years; I mean that she was thirty-five, and really ought to have unstrung a little and accepted the world somewhat as she found it. Watching her I have often wondered if she had John and thought of the cemetery for him. She was so hard on Mary that I wondered how she could live with Harrison at all, especially as there were no children to bind them together. Had she left him when he was sent to prison no one would have blamed her; and as for the sacredness of the marriage tie, it seems to me it doesn't amount to much when one end is held up by a thief. There are some crimes that even a wife need not condone against her will. So when Jennie settled down again so comfortably with her husband, treating him and speaking of him with the greatest respect, I for one, began to think that when it suited her convenience she was not half as intolerant of sin as she professed to be.

However, she did a good work with her husband, and people began to have confidence in him once more. He led a perfectly upright life, and was never known to make a mistep after the first fatal one. But she did not forget, for I have seen her flush and pale when forgery was mentioned.

A little while after her sister came to live with her Jennie attended a sewing circle just organized. One of our prominent members, Mrs. Lu Oakland, was relating an account of how they had lost their property through the dishonesty of a partner of Mr. Oakland. From that she branched out upon the public morals generally. Jennie sat with her sister Mary through it all, the latter looking placidly unconscious. Mrs. Oakland stopped rather suddenly when she saw Mrs. Harrison, but the mischief was done. Jennie stayed until the task was finished, and even lingered to take off the duties before them. She walked home, prepared for getting supper, and left that duty to Mary while she went upstairs to lie down awhile.

Once in her room, she locked the door and gave way to the agony that rent her very life asunder.

"To walk under its baleful shadow forever!" she panted. "To hear insult and menace in every word my pretended friends utter! I would rather be flayed alive than to endure what I have endured and must endure to the end. The world is full of thick-skinned idiots, and the grave is closed against those who seek in it rest from their suffering.

It never occurred to this Pharisee that her own lack of charity was no small sin.

When John came home from work he found his wife calm and placid, with even a vein of gayety in her talk at supper.

"Jennie is younger than you, Mary," he began, in compliment to his wife's plump youthfulness; but he stopped; she had given him one darting, angry look, and he began to busy herself about the arrangement of the tea tray.

Your grandfather was painting the inside of the house that evening. He was in a closet that communicated with Jennie's and Mary's rooms, and when Jennie began to talk to herself, supposing she was alone, he slipped out in o Mary's room and got downstairs as softly as he could. He said that Jennie acted just the same as if nothing had happened except that one look.

It wasn't long after this when Mrs. Oakland came to me to know something about Jennie's sister, Mary. She said she and her sister's son were engaged to be married, and that the family were not quite pleased. Mrs Oakland's sister was a very ordinary woman, and her son was not very bright; besides, he was not yet twenty, while Mary Davis was now nearly thirty.

I wouldn't give Mrs. Oakland any satisfaction, for I have lived long enough to see the evil of helping others out of scrapes. Now there are some things people may take a hand in, but usually it is more prudent to let neighborhood rows alone.

When Mrs. Oakland found that I had nothing to tell, she wanted me to go with her to Jennie's. No, I wouldn't do that, either. Then we did I go to the door? No, I wouldn't go to the door.

"Why won't you go to the door?" Jennie asked, marching in upon me. I thought she had heard every word we had said.

"Because, Jennie," I answered as quietly as I could, though I felt it to drop, "I don't want to have anything to do with helping to worry you, and people always do best attending to their own business. I couldn't help Mrs. Oakland's asking me about Mary, and I haven't told her anything, for I don't know anything except that she is a well-behaved girl as far as I have seen."

Jennie fell over into a chair and turned that green hue that always made me feel so sorry for her.

"What is this you ask about Mary?" she said, turning to Mrs. Oakland.

"I was just telling Mrs. Adams," Mrs. Oakland answered in a little flutter of apprehension, "that my sister's son, George Crum, is engaged to her, and we wish to be sure that the marriage will be a happy one."

"It would not be suitable, and she shan't marry him," Jennie replied with emphatic wrath. "That boy is in my Sabbath school class, and he is little better than an idiot."

"That is what I was telling Lizzie," Mrs. Oakland returned with cool scorn; "for no one but an idiot would think of making a girl who does not scruple to flirt with anybody and everybody out of the front window."

"I know what I am about," Jennie answered, having recovered her calmness of demeanor, "but you may at once understand that there will be no marriage, and no more flirting." And she got up and walked out.

"I hope she will break it off," Mrs. Oakland said, with a sigh of relief. "I am sorry I spoke as I did, but it seemed to me I should have spoken to believe that I favored the match, which I do not. It would only be more disgrace and publicity."

She talked for an hour longer about what a trial her sister's family had been, and how she had tried to do something for them, and how difficult it was to control children of weak intellects and vicious inclinations. After she was gone I sat and thought of the happenings around me, and I was more than ever convinced that people ought to forget and forgive. There was Jennie and Mary, as different as day and night, and I was more than sure I made with a strong moral character like Jennie, and there was bound to be faults in her bringing up. There always is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred where something very bad happens.

And these poor, half-witted children of Mrs. Crum's. Something could have been done to redeem them. If Mrs. Oakland had found out what their good points were and developed them—but no; she wanted to crush something foreign upon their natures, and that served as a fertilizer to their worst side.

I once knew a man who had a half-witted boy. The father began a systematic search for his good points. He did not allow the child to be worried by books, for anything in the shape of lessons he hated; but he showed some skill at whittling and carpenter's work, and his father fitted him up a small shop, bought him a few tools, and put him to working out the letters in wood. He soon learned his alphabet in that way, and made some further progress, but it was very slow, and indeed there was no hurry. When he was about ten he showed a fondness for growing things, and his father set aside twenty feet of rich earth for his garden. He did well at both occupations—carpentering and husbandry—and was by no means a failure as a man, for he could always command good wages.

In America we all think too much of brains. I think it is well to have a change occasionally.

But to return to Mrs. Harrison and her worries. After that I never saw one sister without the other on the street, and Mary looked utterly subdued. They lived in that way for more than five years, and then Jennie listened to the clods rattling upon her unfortunate sister's coffin-lid. She went through it all without a tear, and when she entered her home it was as a bride coming into her happiness. I had stayed there to clear away all remembrance of the dead, and I never saw a more joyous smile than Jennie wore when she looked into the dining room where I was setting the table.

"Aunty," she said, taking both my hands, "I am as happy as I used to be. I feel that I have carried a heavy burden a long and weary way, and I thank God that he has now taken it from my shoulders."

I declare her sacrilegious talk made me shiver. I drew my hands away in a hurry.

"Poor Mary!" I could not help saying, for all my pity was for the unloved one lying in her cold grave.

"Yes, poor Mary indeed," Jennie answered with a sigh. "She was spoiled by a weak, timid mother—my stepmother. Her faults were natal, and yet that fact could not make me like her or feel for her. I did what I believed to be my duty, but it was bitterer than death, and I am so thankful that it is over."

"Yes," said I, "poor Mary's weakness was a matter of birth, and your hardness is the same. I suppose you couldn't help yourself any more than she could. But it is a pity that you couldn't be softer and more like a Christian. I am no great sinner, I hope, but I do pity erring humanity, and I've come to believe that the faults which are not natural are faults of education or association, and as such we are not responsible for them. Still, Jennie, you ought to try to overcome your hardness of heart."

She looked at me in surprise. No one had ever talked to her so plainly before.

"I did my duty toward Mary," she said at fly.

"Yes; but for that matter she did hers by you. She was a good servant, and you didn't have to pay her wages."

"I never considered her a servant."

"Well, you treated her like one. Poor soul; more than a lonely life she passed in this house, where, above all others in the world, she had a right to expect charity and consideration."

Jennie turned the old sickly green, but this time it did not move me.

"What do you mean by that?" she whispered rather than spoke.

"You know well what I mean. Stealing's a long sight worse than the sin Mary was guilty of, but you have very little of kind work for John Harrison. I suppose it's because he is a man, and sort of useful to you, and not a poor helpless girl."

I was astonished at myself for talking so; but then you see I had kept it all in for years.

"John is my husband," faltered Jennie, after a pause.

"And Mary was your sister. It's no use, Jennie; you can't draw distinctions in that kind; and you can't tie down on sin as much as you pretend, or you'd never have lived with John when he got out of prison."

She listened as though I had struck her, and mechanically repeated the old plea:

"He is my husband."

"That is no reason why you should be his partner in sin unless you want to. I ain't saying you did wrong to stick to him; but I am saying that you can't be as hard on vice as you profess, or you could not have done it with such a good face."

Jennie didn't say a word, but began taking off her hat and gloves. I could see she was deeply offended by my words.

"However, on the whole you have done well by Mary," I said, relenting a little, "better than hundreds would have done in your place. That thought should bring you comfort."

She went out to meet John then; he was coming in through the hall, and I heard him kiss her and call her his noble, good wife. I slipped out and went home, glad that I'd had my say.

I went over to see her the next afternoon, thinking she might be seriously offended. But she received me quite as usual, and I hoped my scolding had done her good. Not a bit of it! Mrs. Oakland called while I was there, and Jennie hardly treated her with civility. Then the woman took her leave Jennie accompanied her to the door, and in response to an invitation to call said "Thank you," and closed it sharply. She came back into the sitting-room with her eyes burning.

"It is the first time she has been here for six years," she said. "I do detest that woman."

I didn't say anything, for I saw it wasn't worth while. The Jennie of forty years old was the Jennie of sixteen, with her uncompromising estimate of the world and her Pharisaical self-esteem. I went home glad of some softnesses, even if they might mean weakness.

Forgive and forget I say.

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Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read via the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Toronto, and attach the finest dining cars in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the grand service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patron zed.

The Mother's Just Pride.

"Mabel, my dear, is it true?"

"Yes, mamma."

The elderly matron fondly stroked the bright golden hair of her beautiful daughter and a smile of gratified motherly pride played about her lips. Time had dealt gently with the elder of these two women. In the few threads of silver that shone in her still lustrous and wavy hair, in the scarcely perceptible lines at the corners of her soft gray eyes and in the slight hollows that suggested rather than indicated an impaired symmetry in the pure oval of her pale cheek, might be seen the evidences that the passing years had touched with loving fingers the face of this gentle mother.

"Clarence Dashaway has asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes, mamma."

"I need hardly tell you, Mabel," rejoined her mother, "that your father and I will interpose no obstacles in the way of your happiness. If I had been asked to name the young man to whom I should prefer above all others to intrust the future of my darling child I should have named Clarence Dashaway. He is a noble, high-souled, chivalrous young man, the native nobility of whose character mirrors itself in the glance of his eye, the tones of his voice and in every movement of his manly figure. In winning the love of Clarence Dashaway, my child, you have fulfilled every wish that a fond mother could cherish for her only daughter."

"Yes, mamma," said Mabel, her beautiful face aglow with love and pride, "I have got there this time with both feet."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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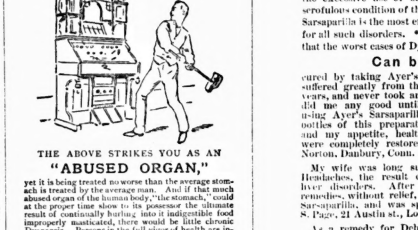

THE ABOVE STRIKES YOU AS AN

"ABUSED ORGAN,"

yet it is being treated no worse than the average stomach is treated by the average man. And if that much abused organ of the human body, "the stomach," could at the proper time speak it would be the ultimate result of continually hurling into it indigestible food improperly masticated, then it would be little drinks Dyspepsia. Persons in the full vigor of health are inclined to ridicule the thought of ever being Dyspeptics, and neglect the first few pains of Indigestion. This is a great mistake, as

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The Spanish Dancers.

When the apple is fully ripe, it falls; when the chrysalis is mature, it bursts, and, behold! the butterfly. When tights and gauze had ripened their work, the time gave birth to a more gracious dispensation. We were ready for it, though perhaps we did not wholly apprehend its significance at the outset. Perverted training, like bad habits, is not rectified in a day. The medicine that makes us whole sometimes makes us temporarily ill. We were patient, at all events, that either these Spanish sorcitas did not know what dancing was, or we did not. If they were right, then we had all along been wrong. But the senoritas not only had beauty and grace on their side, but it was perceived that their performances meant something. Nobody had ever pretended to extract any mentionable meaning out of tights and gauze. The senoritas, without ever opening their lips save to smile, uttered new languages in language more captivating even than their native Castilian, and which could be understood without any dictionary or phrase-book other than Mother Nature gives to all her children,—a language old as history, and as winning as beauty beautifully moving could make it. But though the vocabulary was simple—primitive, indeed—the combinations were endless and of unending interest: they constituted a study worthy the attention of civilized man, and of truly aesthetic influence. As regarded legs, there was, certainly, a degree of reticence on the senoritas' part, which was not peculiar to by any means, but indicating artistic symmetry and subordination. The legs were employed not as an end in themselves, but as a support of the body; and in the new guise they immediately assumed a fresh significance and fascination. In short, we admitted that our old theory of dancing had not a leg to stand on; and the slender foot of Andalusia was on our necks.

For be it from the humble scribe who indites these lines to venture upon the task of discriminating between the divinities who, at the present writing, reign over us, and, by the spell of their dance, send our obedient blood dancing through our veins. One star differeth from another in glory; but the glory of each is its own, and in the enjoyment of art their is space for all. I am duly thankful, rather, that a walk of sixty seconds will convey me from Carmencita to Otero, and from Otero back to Carmencita. To ask which is the better were barbarous and vain; they are both better than anything else that has been vouchsafed us. Otero is adorable and adorable; Carmencita is adorable and admirable. Because a picture is beautiful, I do not turn away from a statue. I do not in the exercise of my art envy felicity. If the King of Spain were not so young a man, I should have a very poor opinion of his intelligence. Only his youth can excuse him for permitting these young ladies to leave his dominions. Alas! poor mona chi! unlucky Catholic majesty! He was born in an evil year—a dozen years at least from Otero back to Carmencita. To ask which is the better were barbarous and vain; they are both better than anything else that has been vouchsafed us. Otero is adorable and admirable; Carmencita is adorable and admirable. Because a picture is beautiful, I do not turn away from a statue. I do not in the exercise of my art envy felicity. If the King of Spain were not so young a man, I should have a very poor opinion of his intelligence. Only his youth can excuse him for permitting these young ladies to leave his dominions. Alas! poor mona chi! unlucky Catholic majesty! He was born in an evil year—a dozen years at least from Otero back to a barren empire; he wears a crown from which the jewels are missing. The play of Hamlet without the prince is tolerable compared with Spain empty of Otero and Carmencita. They are here, and here we mean to keep them. They have been admitted duty free, to the utter annihilation of our infant terpsichorean industry; but the tariff on their exportation shall be prohibitive.—*Julian Hawthorne, in Lippincott's.*

Japanese Bathhouses.

Next comes the bathhouse. If you do not recognize the *furo do*, by the Chinese, or *hiragana* characters stamped on the blue curtains fluttering outside its door, you will know it by the boys and men emerging from the "honorable hot water" with hands and feet bright red, by reason of the parboiling which they have just undergone; or, by the women with wet hair brushed back from their foreheads, and tied up at the end in a triangular piece of paper. When these latter get home *O Kami San*, the *coiffeuse*, will come and dress their moist, black tresses for the next two or three days, in one of the many modes prescribed by fashion. There is the *mage* for married women, where the hair is drawn over a pad, in a solid shining, single tone; and there are other elaborate styles for unmarried damsels, *musumes*, girls and *geishas*, not to be achieved without much appliance of camellia oil, gold and silver strings and *Kanzashi*—the carved and tinselled hairpins. Inside the bathhouse are to be seen tubs, tanks, and a sloping wooden floor, the spaces for males and females being divided, if at all, by a mere lattice as often as by any solid partition. The Japanese are, in this, the least ashamed of the body, the "city of nine gates" which the soul temporarily inhabits. In summer-time there is not much of anybody concealed, especially in the country villages, where the police are not particular, as sometimes they show themselves in the towns. This frank exposure goes with the most perfect modesty, and indeed leads to it. He would be considered a very ill-bred person, who gazed with eyes of too much curiosity, at what the bath house, or the toilet in the shop front, or the maternal duties attended to upon the pavement should casually reveal. Morality rather gains, and sentiment decidedly less by this candor of Japanese manners as regards nudity; for no one looks at what all the world may see, and it is the veil which makes the sanctum.—Sir Edwin Arnold in *Scribner.*

Not Much Hope.

Mr. Slimpurse (after a decided refusal)—I know what the matter is. It's because I am poor. You would marry me if I were rich.

Miss Gaille (thoughtfully)—Perhaps so, but you would have to be very, very rich.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Misses E. and H. Johnston are fashioning elegant gowns of novel goods. Dotted net with velvet scalloped edges is most effectively draped over lustrous short silks in the newest color combinations. Copper color and emerald green are mingled in shimmering radiance and amber and blue gleam and glow before the sight with every motion.

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TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any sufferer who has Consumption if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

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Troubles are caused by improper diet, hasty eating and drinking, late suppers, the excessive use of stimulants, and a scrofulous condition of the blood. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most efficacious remedy for all such disorders. **I am convinced that the worst cases of Dyspepsia

Can be

cured by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I suffered greatly from this complaint for years, and never found any medicine that did me any good until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took four bottles of this medicine last spring, and my appetite, health, and strength were completely restored.—Richard M. Norton, Danbury, Conn.

My wife was long subject to severe Headaches, the result of stomach and liver disorders. After trying various remedies, without relief, she took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was speedily cured.—S. Page, 21 Austin st., Lowell, Mass.

As a remedy for Debility, Faintness, Loss of Appetite, and Indigestion, I took one bottle of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

and was cured.—H. Mansfield, Chelmsford, Mass.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Our New Serial.

This week appears on another page the first chapters of a new serial story by Miss M. E. Braddon, entitled The World, the Flesh and the Devil. It is almost unnecessary to say anything to the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT about Miss Braddon's ability as a novelist. In a recent voting competition, conducted by an English journal, Miss Braddon was accorded almost the first place among the popular writers of the day. Her story, The Day Will Come, was one of the most interesting stories ever published in this paper, and the new one, which is commenced in this issue, will be found in many important respects even stronger than the former one. It will be one of the most absorbing stories published this year. Subscribe now and enjoy one of the best serials you have ever read.

Music.

The holidays are over, the teachers are in harness again, the schools, colleges and conservatories are in full swing once more, and the voice of the piano is heard in the land by those who pass these academic institutions. Everybody reports increased attendance, and it is becoming more evident than ever that Toronto is a musical center. The Conservatory has just published its fourth annual calendar, which is very handsomely gotten up, and is replete with information. It gives a voluminous exhibition of the mode of work and the objects of the institution and a very interesting catalogue of the subjects of study in the different branches. Reports from the Conservatory and also from the College show a considerable accession of new pupils. In the meantime concerts are not many, the principal movement in this direction being for smaller, what may be termed parochial affairs, excepting, of course, those of the Toronto Orchestral Association and the Toronto Vocal Society, which will be given in a few days. The Symphony Orchestra gives its January concert in February, so to speak, and promises a programme of unusual interest, the band of the Queen's Own assisting in one number, the grand march from L'Africaine.

•

Buffalo is a curious city, musically considered. There is plenty of wealth there, and it is not unwilling to support musical ventures of excellence and of local weight. A series of orchestral concerts is being given, under the direction of Mr. John Lund, on a large and expensive scale as to band and soloists. Two of these have already been presented to the public, and have been of great artistic excellence. A musical festival is planned for the early summer, and meets with rich promise of financial support, but, strange to say, the chorus is not forthcoming! Just the reverse of the trend of public feeling in Toronto, where we could get up a magnificent chorus at any time for a festival almost for the asking. That suggests the question: Are we ever going to have another musical festival in Toronto? Are the musical interests of the city so absolutely irreconcilable as to make such an event impossible? It will be five years next summer since our one great festival took place, and the time might well be considered suitable for another. The last one gave an irresistible impulse to musical endeavor, and was withal a financial success, after handsomely remunerating the professional talent which took part.

•

It is not too late to organize a similar scheme for this year, at which some of the standard oratorios could be performed, with the assistance of a good foreign orchestra and efficient soloists. Musical ventures have not been extraordinarily successful of late, it is true, and those who have Christmas bills to pay complain that money is scarce, but a better state of things will come soon, and a monster festival become possible. The Messiah has not been heard here for two years, and never in such statelines and majesty as it should be given, and this oratorio would form a most suitable subject for one concert, besides serving from its popularity with singers, to draw a large chorus. Despite the success which has attended the organization of two large societies for the singing of unaccompanied choruses, the organization of a big festival chorus would be easy. It is not altogether the love of such music as is sung by the two Vocal Societies that has drawn the singers. It is rather a dissatisfaction with the crudities which from time to time have been observable in the work of the oratorio societies. In a large mass of tone these are not so noticeable, and there is an enthusiasm in both singers and audience, and a breadth of effect which attracts everybody. Who will open the ball?

•

Emma Abbott died on Monday morning. Miss Abbott, or Mrs. Wetherell as she was known in private life, was an instance of what indomitable will and good advertising will do. Endowed with a voice of great range and of not much musical quality, she managed to float and make financially successful a very good opera company, and there are many cities and towns in the United States, where her name is held in veneration as the greatest opera singer in the world. Her success may be largely attributed to judicious and sometimes sensational advertising, references to an idiosyncrasy concerning the locality of vaccination, her peculiar stage kiss, and her patronage of the famous Worth of Paris, furnishing material for humorous allusions in the press, as well as keeping her before the public as a personage to be seen as well as heard. It is a curious coincidence that she fell a victim to pneumonia while in the west, just as her husband did a couple of years ago.

•

Speaking of pneumonia reminds me of an atrocity perpetrated upon an innocent and guileless public a few days ago. I had occasion to attend a concert given in a hall in the northwestern part of the city, and on arriving there found that the place had been newly scrubbed and that the floor was still damp. The result was an attack of acute bronchitis in my own case, and of I know not how many others. This is a proceeding that is by no means rare, and yet is a most reprehensible thing to do, for it may easily cause loss of life. Let all concert-givers make a note of this, and either curb or very much hasten the house-cleaning instincts of their janitors.

•

The Toronto Vocal Society, with its force of one hundred and sixty choristers, will open its plan of seats on Thursday morning next for the first concert of its sixth season which takes place on Thursday, January 22. The soloists will be Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, the well-known pianiste, and Mrs. Julie E. Wyman, a mezzo-soprano who has achieved distinction while on tour with the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Mr. W. Edgar Buck, the musical director of the society, has rehearsed a fine selection of part songs, and a very interesting concert may be looked for.

•

I hear from Ottawa that the Capital is about to lose one of its cleverest young musicians, Mr. Dingley Brown, who is going to seek a wider field of labor in Chicago. Mr. Brown is a well equipped musician, a good organist, and an efficient conductor and should find a market for his talents in the windy city. The Canadian College of Music which has been under his direction, will probably pass into the hands of Mr. Smythe, who has been one of Mr. Brown's assistants.

•

Mr. W. Edgar Buck, the musical director of the Toronto Vocal Society, tells me of a clever nephew he has in England, who has been signally successful in his studies. Mr. Percy Buck in April 1889, when he was only sixteen years old, won the organ scholarship at the Royal College of Music, London, Eng. In April last he carried off all the honors in organ, harmony, etc., and a month ago gained his Mus. Bac. degree at Oxford.

•

Mr. A. S. Vogt, organist of Jarvis street Baptist church, has sent out a very tastily arranged Christmas souvenir, giving details of his choir and its work during 1890. The choir, which is constantly gaining in efficiency, is composed of thirteen sopranos, five altos, six tenors and eight basses, who have rendered during the year sixty odd anthems, motetts and part songs. The selection performed is one of a very high standard and most creditable to Mr. Vogt's taste and musicianship.

•

Similarly cheering is a memorandum I have received from Mr. Charles R. Crowe, organist of the Norfolk street Methodist church in Guelph, who is evidently doing good work in the cause of music in the Royal City. Mr. Crowe's choir numbers twenty-nine voices, and during the year 1890 rendered fifty-two standard compositions by the best composers.

•

Miss Maggie Perry, who was at one time one of the instructors at the College of Music, and accompanist of the Philharmonic Society, was recently married at Lakewood, N.J., to Mr. Richard Loos, a nephew and god-son of Richard Wagner. Her many friends in Toronto will, I am sure, join me in wishing her joy and prosperity.

•

The Toronto Orchestral Association will give its first concert under the baton of Mr. F. H. Torrington on Monday, January 19. The principal works to be performed are the overtures to Massenet's Phedre, Weber's Oberon, and Suppe's Morn, Noon and Night, in addition to which Vieuxtemps' Reverie, the Larghetto from Beethoven's Second Symphony, Gillet's Loin du Bal and other interesting pieces will be played. The soloists will be Mrs. J. C. Smith, Frau Dunba-Morawetz, and Mr. Douglas Bird. METRONOME.

The Drama.

A first night of a new play is something of a novelty in Toronto. But we had one last week when Rose Coghlan and her company appeared in Lady Barter. It was a pleasure to see it attended by a large and very appreciative audience. Torontonians are very suspicious of a new play or a new company. They seem to prefer relying on a good, old play, or a well-known star and getting a sure thing for their money. I have seen it happen thus that some very delightful performances were given here to audiences whose contributions to the box-office would scarcely pay the gas bill for the night. The theatrical atmosphere of Toronto is not very wide-spread, and is breathed but by a small circle. There are here few traditions of the green-room, first nights, new plays and great ovations, such as cluster around the larger towns, where stock companies exist, and actors, actresses and theatrical people reside. Thus, while a well known good thing is liberally patronized when it comes along, there is not that interest in dramatic matters here which keeps any large section of the people *au courant* with their constant progress, and, to put it plainly, many good plays are chestnuts before their standing is understood and appreciated here, unless they are in the hands of players of repute.

•

Lady Barter is a play of one scene and with a cast of but nine people. The title character at the tender age of seventeen had married a man of eighty. At the time the play opens the fell Reaper had very conveniently made her a widow, but with not too much money. To replenish her purse she lays siege to the heart of young Lord Brent, a wealthy nobleman with one charming sister. By her blandishments she wins him and he asks her to be his wife. At this juncture Col. Pierce, an old friend of the Brents, returns home after being wounded in the Egyptian war. It comes out that Col. Pierce was the bearer from the battle field of some letters and tokens, including a will of all his goods, from a dead comrade to his sweetheart, Nellie Marshall. After some trouble Col. Pierce had discovered the faithless sweetheart of his comrade in the person of Lady Barter and arrives on the scene just in time to learn of his friend Brent's betrothal to her ladyship. Knowing her faithless heart he immediately takes steps to try and break the engagement. An open war is declared between Lady Barter and Col. Pierce and waged for a time unsuccessfully. In an interview with Lord Brent at Lady Barter's house, Col. Pierce endeavors to induce him to give her up. He tells Brent she is not the woman he imagines her to be and finally offers, if given an interview of ten minutes with her, to make her voluntarily give him up. He induces Brent to retire behind a curtain and listen to the interview. Lady Barter suspects the trap that has been laid for her and employs some skilful simulation to endeavor to make her lover believe Col. Pierce is playing him false, but Brent keeps his word and remains concealed. At first she denies that she is Nellie Marshall until Col. Pierce informs her that her former lover, instead of being the poor soldier she supposed him to be, had, by the death of his father very shortly before his own death, inherited the estates. These, by his will, now went to Nellie Marshall. On being assured that this wealth was hers the adventuress at once consents to give up her dupe as Col. Pierce had said she would. A very agreeable side plot is furnished by the love-making of Colonel Pierce and Mary Brent. A humorous element is added by the rivalry of the two old sticks—Archdeacon Short and Gen. Peters, for the favors of Lady Barter.

•

In Lady Barter Miss Coghlan has, I feel confident, a play with which she ought to achieve much success. As presented here it had some weak points, most of which will soon succumb to the pruning knife of the stage manager and the star. But its strength is evident to all, and to my mind it is far ahead of Jocelyn. Its subject is simple and strongly dramatic. It is expressed by few characters and is not overloaded with incident. It advances naturally and easily to a climax, and when the climax is reached it is finished. The nature of the leading character—a heartless adventuress—is one which will repel many, but it does not detract from the play as an artistic production. It is a compromise between the French play which makes one feel cynical and the English play which clogs one with sweets by its happy ending. The adventuress is virtually defeated in the struggle which gives the suspensive interest to the play, and yet is not crushed, but retires satisfied with her fortune. It is a character which Miss Coghlan interprets well. Miss Coghlan does not shine in the tenderly emotional, but in her portrayals of the Cleopatras of drama, women who, by force of character and lack of principle, dazzle men and make fools of them, she is at home. This is Lady Barter—bold by turns, suppliant by turns, capricious by turns, but always to the one end. The auxiliary characters are all important, well wrought out, and give plenty of opportunity to the players to display ability.

•

The Refugee's Daughter has been the play at the Grand Opera House this week. The company playing it is headed by Miss Cora Tanner, who is a handsome young lady with a fair share of histrionic ability and a conscientious desire to do her best in whatever role she plays. The Refugee's Daughter is far from being a good play, particularly when it is judged according to the standard of dramatic work one expects from a company headed by an actress of Miss Tanner's reputation. In many points it is liable to make the "judicious grieve" with its melodramatic contrasts and its illogical sequences. It is supposed to be French, but if the scene were changed from Toulon, France, to Chicago, Cooks County, Illinois, it would harmonize much better with the presentation given by Miss Tanner's company. One comes away from this performance with an unsatisfied feeling. I scarcely know why. Perhaps it is because the company scarcely lives up to its palatial dresses and scenery. When an actress's gowns are not made but created and those creations are by Felix of Paris, mind you, it takes pretty good acting to prevent the lustre being taken off the face of it. The human mind is limited in its comprehensive power and it is almost too much for most intellects to grasp at the one time a character creation and a Felix or Worth creation. Those actresses who considerately present to our view the latter and improve in our understandings through the eloquence of their managers and agents, should not feel hurt if we fail to appreciate fully all the good points of the former, that is, provided they aspire to present characters. In this particular case the character which falls to Miss Tanner's lot to create is not the kind to require much deep thought and analysis. The Refugee's daughter may have been a very nice person, but she lacks depth or force of character as do all the other persons of the play. There is room for much good thought in the rewriting of this play. There is also room for much study in the way it is acted. In her emotional work Miss Tanner is effective and affecting, and in a suitable play would show to good advantage. But the Refugee's Daughter is not the play. She is supported by a company that is of even strength but not of any special degree of merit. Some of them are probably, like the star, also the victims of the *roles* they have to present. As I have indicated before the scenery and dressing is elaborate.

•

The Young Liberal Minstrels of London, Ont., renewed acquaintance with Toronto audiences on Monday and Tuesday evenings at the Academy of Music. They were dressed in rich and gorgeous-looking costumes. Mr. Walter Simson was conversationalist, with two pairs of endmen. The first part was made up of a succession of catchy and pretty songs, each one introduced by a separate soloist, and a quintette rendering the chorus with pleasant effect. Part second consisted of so called aerial manœuvres, using the car of a supposed balloon as center of operations. Next, some dancing by eight performers. Mr. James Milne, who wore a valuable medal, danced the hornpipe with excellent grace. The fancy marching of the whole company, headed by a number of kettle drummers took well, rousing the military spirit of the auditors, and giving them some idea of how the young Liberal army will go to battle at the next election. Master Avey's contortions were fairly good. The shadowgraphs were hardly to the mark—somewhat too simple and loosely done. The musical burlesque which finished the programme demanded the dressing of some in woman's attire, and it must be said one looked "cute" in a brimmed hat, and another dazzling in a tightened waist and square-necked dress. The best rendered solo was In Old Madrid. The effort of the quintette was excellent.

•

At Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House this week a burlesque specialty company composed of a score of young (!) women headed by Pauline Markham, is exhibiting its shape and its costumes, and its marches, and its lack of musical knowledge and attainments and dramatic ability. It has little to recommend it either as a burlesque or variety show.

DRAMA NOTES.

The report that Gilbert and Sullivan have kissed and made up friends again is not very certain.

Sara Bernhardt is expected to arrive in New York about the first of February and will open in La Tosca.

Henry Irving's Ravenswood has been withdrawn and Much Ado About Nothing substituted. Ravenswood, it is supposed, did not pay.

Mary Anderson-Navarro is spending the winter with her husband at Bournemouth, England. She is expected to return to America in the spring.

•

Tommy Russell has left the stage and will go to school. What a lot of whacking it will take to reduce the swelling of his head sufficiently to make him learn anything.

Octave Feuillet, the French poet, novelist and dramatist, died in Paris last week. He was a strong supporter of the idealistic school, and wrote gracefully and delicately rather than strongly.

Mrs. Alice C. Francis, a lady who was lately a resident of Toronto, has been so successful as to receive an engagement to play the leading part in The Wife's Peril, by the Lyceum Comedy Company. She makes her *debut* in Philadelphia on Thursday next. Mrs. Francis was chosen out of some four hundred candidates.

At a recent dramatic performance in a German town the audience was so disgusted at the realistic love-making of the leading heavy and the *ingenue* that many left their seats and almost a panic ensued. And yet they say the Germans are a long-suffering people. They are evidently not yet accustomed to the Clemenceau Case style of drama.

Miss Agnes Knox, the talented young Canadian reader, has returned from an extended and very successful trip to the Pacific coast. Miss Knox has won golden opinions during her *tournee*, and has been received with enthusiasm in Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle, Calgary, Regina, Medicine Hat, Vancouver, Victoria, and all the cities and towns which dot the map of the Far West. The press notices she has received, and the success which has attended the business part of the trip, have been most flattering to her talent. Miss Knox has earned this by the sterling worth of her methods, by her artistic feeling and by her charming personality.

There is trouble in the Leslie Carter company. Mr. Arthur Dacre, the English actor, imported to be leading man supporting Mrs. Carter, has been discharged on two weeks' notice, and is bringing an action for damages. It was quite evident when the company played here that Mr. Dacre's part was very unsatisfactory, and when the axe of retrenchment fell he high salaried Britisher had to lose a head. He is not the only one, however. Mr. Ian Robertson, who played Viscount Huntingtower, and Mr. Mervyn Dallas, who appeared here as Chevalier Raff, both good men, have also been sacrificed and are vowing vengeance. It is evident The Ugly Duckling despite the lavishness of its equipment, is not, so far, a financial success.

'Varsity Chat.

The holidays are over, and the students are hustling about the college as actively and briskly as they danced at social gatherings during the past three weeks. Each man, as he looked at the bulletin board and read, "Lectures begin on Monday, January 5," would say to his fellows, "Oh! these lectures are only supposed to begin then; there is no use attending until next week." In this way the troubled mind is calmed into taking things easy and not to dread the future, or exams.

•

The special supplemental examinations were concluded on Thursday, and the sixty-three candidates who wrote will have their fate decided by the grave senators to-night.

•

Prof. McCurdy was, on account of sickness, unable to lecture this week.

•

Knox College has undergone a large amount of repairing and renovating, and the students do not now fear that typhoid fever will again appear among them.

•

Mr. J. K. Arnott, B.A., '89, is studying theology in Knox College. Mr. Arnott's early fancy was in the direction of constitutional law but he has decided to expound the law of Moses and the prophets.

•

Rev. C. H. P. Owen, who left 'Varsity precincts about two years ago has ceased to be a bachelor. DRAX ALKEN.

A Pushing Agent.

Peddler—Please, mum, I'm sellin' a polish to clean silver.

Housekeeper (sharply)—Don't want none.

Peddler—Very sorry, mum, but I see the neighbors wear tights. They said there was no use callin' here 'cause you didn't have no silver.

Housekeeper (wildly)—Gimme six boxes.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Ladder Verse and Reverse.

For Saturday Night.

Man of note in swell society,
He climb to notoriety—
Into a ladder-route to fame,
He'd weave the thoughts he'd think;
His name, J. Whitcombe Riley, and
By now he's climb full highly, and
His rapid, upward footsteps chime a
Plink!
Plank!
Plunk!

A youth, unknown to fame at all,
Who claimed no special trait, save gall,
Had marked how Riley did the trick
And vowed to do likewise;
He burned no poet's sacred flame,
But 'lowed he'd get there just the same,
And, best of all, find favor in
A
Maiden's
Eyes.

So he shaped his ladders versified,
And 'mid much comment curalified,
He read his blends unto his friends
Whene'er he got a show,
And he read 'em to the suffering girl
Till her front hair limped out of curl,
And she loved him as she listed to his
Tale
of
Woe.

He scorned the Master's safer plan
And proved himself an abler man
By ringing in a lot of freaks
That Riley never guessed;
and
He warped one line high low,
And yanked another and
so so.
Till everyone who heard him a dip
Pined
for
Rest.

'Twas awful sweet the maiden thought,
As in the dusky room they sot,
While her old man paused by the door
To shed one outraged tear;
Then strode he in with blasting might,
And ere they could turn up the light,
He dropped that poet on his neck
Away
Out
. . . . Here!

Ed. W. SANDYS.

Maude.

For Saturday Night.

Dark brown hair and ruby lips,
Dark brown eyes that all eclipse,
Cheeks of roses, teeth of pearl,
A smile that sets a man's brain swirl,
A face more full of majesty,
Ambition, love and constancy
On earth no one could find.

Oft have I watched thee from afar,
And followed, as my guiding star,
Thy footsteps, as of hope in search,
Where hearts are holiest—to church,
And at that sacred altar's fire
There quickened for thee my desire,
Fed by a Providence kind.

And now since weary years have sped,
And Providence to thee has led;
And I have lived my life for thee,
Sweet paragon of amity,
Thy smile, thy glance my fate have sealed,
In thy sweet face is love revealed,
O whisper me thy mind. D.

An Old Letter.

Darkened and stained is the paper—
Stained as by many a tear;
Faded and dim is the writing
Traced in a long-past year.
Yet oh! how vivid and vital,
How bright with love's purest ray
Is every page of the letter
We read with moist eyes to-day!

As the sun-ripened fruit of the vintage
Lives in the sparkling wine,
So the soul of the vanished writer
Glows in each eloquent line.
His noble and kindly emotions,
His sentiments tender and true
Are here, like remembered music
That thrilled us when life was new.

How sweet are the fond recollections
These faded leaflets inclose!
Sweet as the lingering fragrance
That clings to a withering rose.
Yet sweet with a tender sadness
That tells of summer gone by,
Of joys that bloomed but to perish
And hopes that dawned but to die.

Dear record of days departed!
We read you o'er and o'er;
You are now like a voice of greeting
From some fair sunlit shore.
Over the surges of sorrow—
Over a sea of gloom
This voice says—"Love is immortal
And lives beyond the tomb."

—*Home Journal.*

He Worried About It.

"The sun's heat will give out in ten million years more,"
And he worried about it:
"It will sure give out then, if it doesn't before,"
And he worried about it.
It would surely give out, so the scientists said
In all scientifical books that he read,
And the whole mighty universe then would be dead,
And he worried about it.

"And some day the earth will fall into the sun,"
And he worried about it:
"Just as sure, and as straight, as if shot from a gun,"
And he worried about it.
"When strong gravitation unbuckles her straps
Just picture," he said, "what a fearful collapse!
It will come in a few million ages, perhaps,"
And he worried about it.

"The earth will become much too small for the race."
And he worried about it:
"When we'll pay thirty dollars an inch for pure space,"
And he worried about it:
"The earth will be crowded so much without doubt,
That there'll be no room for one's tongue to stick out,
And no room for one's thoughts to wander about,"
And he worried about it.

"The Gulf Stream will curve and New England grow torrider,"
And he worried about it;
"Than was ever the climate of southernmost Florida,"
And he worried about it.
"The ice crop will be knocked into small smithereens,
And crocodiles block up our mowing machines,
And we'll lose our fine crops of potatoes and beans,"
And he worried about it.

"And in less than ten thousand years there's no doubt,"
And he worried about it:
"Our supply of lumber and coal will give out,"
And he worried about it!
"Just then the ice Age will return cold and raw,
From men will stand stiff with arms outstretched in awe,
As if vainly beseeching a general thaw,"
And he worried about it.

His wife took in washing (a dollar a day),
He didn't worry about it;
His daughter sewed shirts, the rude grocer to pay,
He didn't worry about it.
While his wife beat her tireless rub-a-dub-dub
On the washboard drum in her old wooden tub,
He sat by the stove and he just let her rub,
He didn't worry about it.

S. W. FOSS.

Noted People.

Ward McAllister is a hard drinker—of tea. Next to being a Turveydrop he prides himself most upon his ability to judge of the quality of teas.

The royal baron of beef placed on the Queen's table on Christmas Day was cut from a Devon ox fed on the Prince Consort's Shaw farm, Windsor. The joint weighed over 300 pounds.

Miss Rhoda Broughton read her first novel, Not Wisely, But Too Well, to her uncle, the author of Uncle Silas, and Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, of which small audience she humorously declared: "One said nothing and the other fell asleep."

Miss Nelly Kelly of Columbus, Ohio, has the distinction of being the only female "first-wire" telegraph operator of the Associated Press in the country, and she receives $30.50 a week for her services—the same salary that is paid to men in the same positions.

Mrs. Caroline Le Conte, an accomplished student of Columbia, South Carolina, has been appointed State Librarian of the Palmetto State, being the first of her sex to receive this honor, though many women find constant work in the various city libraries throughout the land.

Mrs. Salter, the mayor of a Western American city, has during the past year administered all the public affairs of the municipality she governs, attended all social functions incumbent upon her office, performed her own housework, washing, ironing, and cooking for a family of five, and increased her family from five to six, all in one year.

One of the humble heroes of the age is Johann Scholz, a North German carpenter, who, seeing an iron bar lying across the railroad track at Chandau, in such a way as to menace an incoming train crowded with passengers, ran forward, and snatched the beam from beneath the very wheels of the locomotive, saving the train, but losing his own life.

Mr. John Russell Young, the American journalist and late United States Minister to China, was married recently to Mrs. Davida of Palladelphia. Mr. Young went round the world with General Grant, and subsequently wrote a book on the travels of the ex-President. He has also acted as editor in chief of the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*.

The Empress of Austria has lost all interest in dress and courtly ceremonials of state since her son's death. The wonderful parure of diamonds in process of construction for her at the time of his death, was sold. She travels *incognito* about the Continent in plainest garb, but her love for roses remains unchanged, and she still delights in their perfume and tintings.

Mrs. May French Sheldon of London, is about to conduct an exploring party to Africa to learn the customs, legends, and folk-lore of the natives, and preserve them in a book. She will take a stenographer, but will be the only white woman in the party, and she expects to reach Mount Kilima-Njaro, three hundred miles from the coast, where no white footsteps have been heard. The exploration will occupy three months.

Mrs. Sewell, Miss Brewster that was, the well-known artist, has gone with her husband to spend the winter in Algeria. Some rarely beautiful work may be anticipated as the result of this foreign sojourn, for it will be remembered that a year or more ago Mrs. Sewell took the prize at the National Gallery for the best painting by a woman. The successful canvas was, by the way, a most charming portrait of Mrs. Leith, *nee* Dora Wheeler.

Though Mr. Spurgeon's sermons do not profess to be profound, and though their freshness is in the illustration and the "setting" rather than in the thought, they are as compact and coherent as the most systematic mind could desire. The direct preparation only takes a few hours—although it must be remembered that in another sense all the preacher's life has been a preparation—and nothing is committed to paper beyond the "heads," which fill half a sheet of note paper.

Miss Kate Marsden had a busy week in St. Petersburg on her last visit there. She consulted the great Dr. Duncan and other men of place concerning her work, had an interview with the Countess Tolstoi, and the gracious Empress gave audience to the heroic traveler for the second time this year. The Czarina of all the Russias presented her with her portrait, signed with her name, and with a pass through Siberia, and manifested toward her the greatest gentleness and tenderness.

Christine Nilsson, the Swedish songstress, has joined the great army of martyrs—the stout women fasters who would mortify and reduce the flesh. She is rapidly approaching the condition of the renowned Mme. Blavatsky, though much of her time is spent in outdoor exercise, and her diet consists largely of pickles and hot waters. The self-denial practised and the suffering endured by stout women in their attempts to stay the work of the destroyer would, if devoted to some grand object, be considered heroic.

There is no more striking or interesting personality in London than that of Lady Wilde, who receives always in a darkened room, where the light from a single candle falls ever upon her rare old jewels and refined face, attracting the stranger directly to the hostess, whose charming tact convinces every visitor, however unimportant or unknown, that she is the receiver of special consideration. The warmth of the welcome is enhanced by the power to greet each guest, French, Spanish, Italian, Russian, or German, in her own language.

Almost everyone has now heard of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, of whom an excellent portrait is published in another column. He has suddenly sprung into a prominence on account of the freshness and vigor of his short stories. This prominence bids fair to be permanent as he seems to be a man with no nonsense about him, who knows life and can withstand flattery. In one of his recent stories, The Light That Failed, he evidently is moralizing through the leading character on his own work and sudden success. His work is rather of the "blood and bones" style as is that of the character he depicts. It is said Kipling utters aloud every word as he writes it in order to judge of its effect.

At the Back Door.

How plain and unornamented the back door is! No plate glass, madras muslin, nor umbrella stands there! And how plain and undecorated are the callers at the back door! No kid gloves, fur boas, nor dainty half shoes for them!

Day after day they come and go on their various messages, and we seldom give them a thought. Perhaps one day we do remark that Smith the baker looks particularly glum, and wonder if the price of bread has gone down.

Picking a paper up afterwards our eye is caught by the following:

"At S——, on August 7, Willie R. Smith, aged three years and two months."

We had been making fun of him when his heart was sore within him for the loss of the little chubby-faced son who used to tell us so proudly he was "helping father dwive the bwead tart."

We seldom see a bright face at the back door. The majority wear a settled, careworn expression. With those to whom life is reduced merely to the art of getting enough to keep alive on, the face is not apt to express much of the buoyancy of life.

The chief difference I have noticed between the visitors at the two doors is this. At the front door the callers' particular endeavor is to conceal their feelings. The callers at the back door seldom attempt to do so. Mrs. M—— called yesterday and you thought she never seemed so light-hearted and gay, though you knew she knew her husband was on the verge of bankruptcy.

The washwoman came yesterday, too, and when you remarked she was looking poorly she did not hesitate to tell you that her lord and protector had amused himself the previous evening "wiping up the floor" with her. Why should she conceal it? It was a usual pastime of his, and was what she generally looked forward to after a hard day's work. Such a style of life is apt to blunt the finer sensibilities.

By the way, how "shoppy" we all are in our figures of speech! The artist speaks of anything he admires as "a perfect picture," the merchant talks of something being "as straight as a yard stick," and the poor jaded washwoman likens herself to a floor cloth.

I think of all the sad lives lived out among the very poor there are none quite so sad as those of the charwomen.

The mere fact of the married ones going out to work tells the tale. At home a drunken, or worthless, and often a drunken and worthless husband.

Of course the exception proves the rule, and I have in mind a jolly, red faced old dame who used to do our washing for us. She was rather garrulous, and was too fond of the cup that cheers with disastrous results, but was a kind-hearted old soul, and verified for me a saying that I heard on the stage once: "It's the poor that help the poor." Many a kindness she did her less fortunate neighbors, often sharing with them her bit and sup when it was the last she had in the house. She had a soul, too, out of which all the sentiment had not been steamed by continuous washdays; for speaking of an old churchyard one day, she said: "I often like to roam through there and read the perscriptions."

The only really merry visitant we have at the back door is the butcher's boy. Ours is almost too playful. I sometimes wish he was more morose. He has a habit of carrying the meat tin balanced on his head. Twice, lately, I have seen him pick my dinner up from the floor and replace it in the basket. I tremble to think of the number of times I have not seen him let it fall.

I could not bear to chide him. I did not even when he wore a pathway through the grass. He always scorned the gate and jumped over the fence to take a short cut.

One day when it seemed almost too hot to live I overheard him say to a small urchin who was frizzling outside on the curb: "'Tis as cool as a bit of heaven in here, Dick, under the trees." I felt rewarded for my forbearance.

There is a class of callers at the kitchen door which I have not mentioned yet. I refer to beggars. I must confess to not caring for beggars. Once in a while my heart is moved with pity by some young fellow, decently dressed, who, in a shame-faced way, chokingly asks for something to eat, and you know by the blush on his face that he is not accustomed to asking for charity.

One day a little girl beggar came around the walk carrying a huge basket. She did not go to the back door, for seeing my sister at a window she accosted her:

"Will you give me some cake?" she said.

"I will give you some bread and butter," my sister answered; "won't that do?"

"No, I want cake," the waif repeated.

"Well, I can't give you any," said my sister.

"God help me, then," muttered the child as she disappeared around the path. At first we laughed a great deal after she went; but by and by that "God help me" rang in my ears so sadly that I stopped laughing. I found out she belonged to a gipsy band, and who knows but she met with some brutal punishment for not carrying home "cake" to satisfy their delicate appetites.

There is no back door to Heaven. I often think of that. "Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief," they all go in at the front door.

BYTHEWAY.

Outshining Dawn.

It is a curious phase of human nature that we see when a mother undertakes to eclipse her daughter, and it is not only curious, but in many views melancholy. It is through an uncontrolled vanity and selfishness alone that such an exhibition can take place, and its appearance would argue in that special instance, at any rate, a decline, a retrogression, in the race, rather than progress toward light, or in a way approaching perfection.

Selfishness may be said to be at the root of most of the sin of the world, but vanity is a form of selfishness that does an intolerable amount of harm, and usually works woe to all who come in contact with it, as well as eventually to its possessor, undermining character, till the whole being is like those timbers that, perforated and honey-combed by decay, suddenly one day fall in powder.

On the part of the usual mother—the mother whose qualities characterize the whole class and species of mothers—the vanity of the woman dies as bloom fades and sparkle falls, and rises again to fresh force in the budding life of her child; and the superiority of the daughter, her successes, her triumphs, her beauties and excellences, are what support this sentiment in the mother and afford her a sort of undying joy, for her rapture in it all has given her vanity such an apotheosis, that it has become, according to the doctrine of the reconciliation of opposites, even a sort of unselfishness.

We often smile at the contentment of a mother in her daughter when too visibly manifested, but it is always with a consciousness of the beauty of the abnegation involved, and a gentle pity, half unexpressed to ourselves, lest the great love and admiration and readiness for self-sacrifice be unrequited, and the daughter so worshipped think that the world was made for Cæsar, she representing that power, and that her mother is only, as it were, a shadow on the wall, or one of the elements of nature, something to be taken for granted. But whether we smile or not, we know that this mother is what mothers ought to be, is a natural and true example of her kind, even if she heightens her points too publicly.

But the mother whose vanity finds no satisfaction in her daughter's fortunate career, but must needs still be fed by flatteries to herself and delight in her own well-preserved charms, or the recognition of her greater wit and brilliancy and learning, or her exceeding virtue, is something at which we can only smile in derision, in the pity that is contempt, regarding her as a *lusus naturæ*, a monstrosity, an object to be stared at and studied, one of those exceptions that sometimes serve in science to show the reversion to an old stock and lower type.

We do not mean that a mother who happens to have a daughter even brighter and sweeter and lovelier than many is to go into eclipse herself altogether behind that daughter or on account of her. She has her own place and every possibility and opportunity within its bounds. She has a right to call about her men and women, the young and the old, who give her pleasure or whom she pleases, and to exercise to the full any faculty and charm she possesses. But if she is a mother of the real sort, she will never exercise any of this right of hers at the expense of her daughter; she will be seeing that her daughter has her chance in every turn; at every pleasure offering her daughter's place shall be secured; with every fresh toilette of her own, her daughter shall have one equally suitable. If her daughter has a talent or a specialty, this mother will see that it has fair play; if there is an opening for bright remark or winning display, she will give her daughter the advantage of it. All the mother in her swells up toward her heart, as old Lear had it, and brilliant or beautiful as she may be herself, she uses her brilliancy and her beauty more to advance her daughter, to bring her out, to develop her, and procure her fit appreciation, than to win any amount of adulation for herself. If she does not do this she is less than a mother, and, falling short of one of the chief feminine characteristics, she is less than a woman. For the mother entering into rivalry with her own daughter loses the meed she most values, seems perforce to have in her a bestial trait, like those animals that, after weaning their offspring, cast them off and even fight them on occasion. The mother, on the other hand, who does her duty by her daughter in a comparative degree of self-forgetfulness, not only fulfils her destiny and duty as a woman, but, in general, she has every opportunity also of displaying any admirable quality she has and winning the appreciation she desires; and has, moreover, what is more precious than all the rest—the admiring and worshipping love of her daughter too. It is a fortunate thing for daughters that all mothers are not so mother-eaten by vanity and love of praise, or so corrupted by selfishness as to make this dashing mother a frequent experience, and that the mother in ordinary, from whose great heart so large a share of the world's happiness springs, would as soon think of outshining the sun at dawn as of eclipsing her daughter.—*Harper's Ba ar.*

The Poor Architect.

"Mr. Farling, I should like the house to be early English, Tudor, Elizabethan and Queen Anne. Kind of picture-que and quaint Normandy chateau style. Regular Norman with Romanesque windows and Venetian blinds Mooresque decorations, Swiss balconies and a *loggia* with Corinthian columns running around the whole house. You know what I mean!"

Mr. Farling—Oh, yes! I understand you perfectly.

Espionage in France.

The third republic is no freer than were any previous French regimes from this deep taint of what the French call mouchardise. Never before at any period of France's history has the reign of spydom been so widespread and absolute in Paris as now. There has been latterly much discussion in the world's press of the extraordinary degree to which official espionage obtains in Russia, and very interesting details have been forthcoming on the subject. I am now in a position to affirm that in Paris—I do not say throughout the whole of France—the meshes of the detective net are woven even more closely round the entire population than has ever been the case in St. Petersburg. Evidence of this fact might easily be found in the secret history of the Boulangist conspiracy. From first to last every important incident was known to the police, more than three-fourths of the Boulangists themselves being informers.

The instant you arrive at a Paris station you are in the midst of spies. You are driven to a hotel in a cab. In half an hour the cabman will furnish the police with any particulars he may have been able to gather concerning your position, destination, business, etc. Arrived at your hotel you become the object of scrutiny, as close as it is secret, on the part of divers persons, who, though attached to the place in the capacity of manager or cashier or even porter or "boots," are in reality enrolled soldiers of the great detective army. And here I may mention a special characteristic of the French detective system, its faculty of recruiting adherents in all classes of society. French spies for the most part are not simple spies and nothing more. They have a trade or occupation of their own, to which they seem wholly and solely devoted, while yet assiduously pursuing *sub rosa* their spying.

The unsuspecting stranger in Paris has dinner at his hotel served by a waiter, who, as a matter of course, is in the pay of the police and will subsequently report to them what conversation he overhears during the meal. He then sallies forth primed with a glass or two of fine champagne, for an evening's amusement of the true Parisian sort. First he repairs to one of the brilliant boulevard playhouses. A few stalls away from him sits a gentlemanly looking man with steady, observant eyes, who glances now and again at our friend in such a way as to make the latter think, "I wonder where I have seen that man before!" He never has seen him before, but it doesn't enter his head for a moment to suspect the man of being what he really is—a police spy.

The play over, there is just time for half an hour's stroll under the horsechestnuts in the Jardin de Paris. Here nine-tenths of the attendants are either spies or scamps, or may, indeed, be both at once, for French police authorities are not very squeamish in choosing their instruments, and seem to have a sort of preference for scoundrels over others. Their theory runs that the greater villain a man is the better spy he will make; moreover, the most efficacious means of keeping a man under spy surveillance is to have him become a spy himself, for spies spy upon each other quite as much as on the rest of mankind.

But our foreigner finishes up the evening by turning into the Cafe Americaine for supper, where he has for next-door neighbor a seductive young woman, with whom he enters into conversation. She has a sweet smile, which displays two rows of glittering teeth, and puts many questions to him concerning France and the French. Naturally enough, our visitor imagines this is all done out of that bright, easy, Gallic politeness he admires so much, for how is he to know that every word he has said in reply will come to the ear of the police not later than the following afternoon!

If our friend be fond of sport he will soon be finding his way to the race courses near the capital and into the baccarat clubs, with which Paris abounds, and here he will be hourly in contact with police spies in greater number than there are racers on the course or cards in the pack. And so the game goes on in every sphere of Paris life and society.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Rudyard Kipling.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

An Excellent Brand.

Colonel X. was a South Carolinian, whose capacity in pints was greater than his ability in dollars. For years he had been in the daily habit of visiting the little village store and of going directly to the jug that held the whisky and drinking a liberal portion without the preliminary of pouring it into a glass. One day the store-keeper turned just in time to see the colonel replacing the jug from which he had taken his customary deep draught. He grew white and stiff, for the jugs had in some way become displaced, and the one which the colonel had calmly set back was the one which held the village supply of sulphuric acid. The colonel walked out of the store without remark, and the store-keeper waited in terror to hear the news of his horrible death. None came, and the store-keeper marvelled much. But the next morning, at his usual hour, in walked the colonel, rosy and cheerful as usual. "Mornin', Jones," he said, as he made directly for the jug, "this new whisky of yours has a queer flavor, but I don't object to it." "Has it disagreed with you in any way?" asked the amazed Jones. "Disagreed with me! Why, no. But there is one peculiar thing I've noticed. Ever since I drank it yesterday I've seemed to blow holes in my pocket-handkerchief."

Smith is Now Eating Meat.

Smith, of Worth street—You know my wife recently became a convert to the idea that it is wrong to take the life of any animal.

Brown, of Duane street—Yes, and she wanted you to stop eating meat. How are you coming out, old man?

"Oh, all right; my wife has backslid."

"You don't say so!"

"Yes; she asked me for a sealskin sacque for Christmas, and when I tried to get out of it by telling her that she would approve of the slaughter of seals by wearing a sealskin sacque, she said I was too absurd for anything, and that seals didn't count. Of course I got her the sacque, and the meat-eating issue is quietly dropped. Yesterday she sent in her resignation to the Anti-Animal Killing Society."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Blest of dat blame' wedder-clerk ain't off he base ag'in! Look at dat prognosterkashun,—'Fair wedder!'—an' hit am rainin' dis blesse'd minit!"—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SISTERS.

Meanwhile, to the two sisters in the Panelled House, the sense of some mystery surrounding their lives deepened day by day.

All connection with the outer world seemed entirely severed, partly by the boisterous tempests and heavy snow falls that had quickly followed upon the entrance of the new year, but more as it seemed by the absolute cessation of those pleasant social galeties which had enlivened the autumn months.

Over the whole place the shadow of a great fear and horror seemed to hang. At Eagle's Crag Lord Mervyn still lay in a most critical condition, and all thoughts were engrossed by his state; whilst the Abigail Tower household was suffering an anxiety yet more dark and cruel; for the warrant of arrest was still out against Cedric, and his own Grandfather as a murderer, not only in the eyes of the few but by the voice of the whole community.

His hiding away and destroying all trace of himself seemed to make assurance doubly sure; and his father's bitter wrath was roused against the son who had brought this terrible disgrace upon his whole house. He no longer buoyed himself up with hopes that it was all a plot concocted at Eagle's Crag. He felt that the evidence was too convincing for overwhelming to be doubted; and this disappearance filled to the full the measure of his son's iniquity.

True it was better that he should vanish from the face of the earth than that he should pay the penalty of the law; but the father's anger burned so fiercely and bitterly against the man who so unhinged that for a time there was some danger for his mind.

Cedric's name was never mentioned in his hearing, and a shadow more dark than death itself seemed to hang over that household.

As for Patricia, her time was mainly spent at Eagle's Crag. She was nowhere else; and as it was no time for indulging pleasant hospitality, she had plenty of leisure on her hands.

She thought with sympathy of poor Corona; she would gladly have gone to her in this time of trouble; but when she asked leave of Mr. Vansittart, whom she met walking one day, she was met by a decided negative. It was better, he said, that the poor child should get over the trouble in her own home. She was behaving very well, but the sight of any face associated with the immediate past would be certain to upset her. She was doing very well, only seemed to crave the company of her little sister. It was better she should not be coerced. She would rouse herself in time, and then possibly might be pleased to see Miss Richmond.

Patricia saw from this that she would be refused admittance if she came, so she avoided making the attempt. Her own interview with Mr. Vansittart had greatly increased since that interview with Keith; for though there seemed no adequate reason to suspect Maidie in any crime, she could not shake off the impression that he was capable of it; nay, that he might have committed it with impunity, as it was once said he had committed another.

She shuddered at the bare idea, yet to them who had been on intimate terms with Cedric his present disappearance was most mysterious; and it was equally inexplicable that he should have committed the crime of which he was accused. But till Mervyn could be talked to of recent events it was hopeless to attempt to unravel the tangle.

As for Corona and Maidie, their faith in Cedric was absolutely unshaken. They knew he was perfectly innocent of the imputed crime, and the younger sister, with her strange intuitions with regard to that terrible night, was absolutely certain that some harm had befallen him—that he had been a second victim to the ruthless hand that had struck so many cruel blows.

Dreadful as this idea was, it was at least better than the horrible alternative; and she said fearful as Corona's fancies were, it was yet as loyal as ever to the man to whom she had given it, though he might be nothing to her now save a sweet, sad memory.

But Maidie was more restless, more impatient.

"He is not dead, Corona," she would say; "Oh! I feel sure he is not dead. I don't know why I say so, but I'm sure it's true. I dream of him, and he is not dead; only somewhere where he can't get out. Oh, Corona, do you think he knows?" and the "he" uttered in that tone always meant Mr. Vansittart.

"I don't know, dearest. Why should he know?"

"Oh, he is so dreadfully wicked—and he was there in my dream—I know he was."

Maidie's faith in her dream was not, perhaps, either healthy or rational, but it was impossible to shake it, and Corona came to put some trust in it herself, though fearing to encourage the little one from indulging her nervous fears or superstitious fancies.

A new interest was given to both the sisters at this time, by the curious conduct of Drake, the deaf mute, who all unsuspected by his master, had become devotedly attached to Corona.

It served Mr. Vansittart's purpose to pretend that there was no possible way of communicating with the man; that he could neither write nor read, and that he only understood the signals which he himself had devised, and which no one else knew.

It was some time before Corona knew anything to the contrary, but by and by he let her into the secret carefully guarded by his master, namely, that he could read and write the value of words, and that he could also draw with a certain rude skill.

He was therefore able to communicate his ideas to a third person, but he was less quick at understanding questions put to him.

How he first attempted such communication with Corona was in this wise. He had been very restless, and had looked more dark and sour than ever for a couple of days, and had insisted about the girl's room, and seen there on an errand, and had seemed altogether unlike himself; and then one day he had found a dictionary lying on the table and had pounced upon it with a look of keen eagerness on his face.

Drawing Corona to his side he commenced turning the leaves, pointing out certain words which put together ran thus.

"Sick man—needs good food."

Corona instantly understood that he desired to enlist her sympathies on behalf of some deserving object, and expressed her good will by a smile and a nod. He turned over the leaves again and pointed—this time the word was "Money."

She opened her purse and put a gold piece into his hand. Strange as it was, solicitude seemed on Drake's part for any suffering fellow creature, she was more than ready to help him. He raised her hand to his lips and glided away; but the next scene in the little drama was still more perplexing.

Presently he returned with one or two cooking utensils, and the necessary ingredients for various sick-room delicacies, and by means of signs and the dictionary, indicated his entreaty that she would prepare some soup and jelly and like. Greatly surprised, but far too much impressed by the earnestness of the man's manner to decline, Corona set to work with right good will, and Maidie assisted, and enjoyed it as if it were a new kind of game.

Aga in early convent training served them in good stead. They had helped the sisters-nuns and again in their sick room cookery, and Corona was proficient in the art of making up delicate little dishes that might tempt the most feeble appetite. The need for secrecy over these culinary tasks was plainly impressed upon them by Drake's anxious manner: nor could either sister make him understand their questions as to who the sick man was, and where he was lying, nor why he was dependent upon Drake for the necessaries of life. Either he could not understand them, or he did not dare to appear to do so. All they really knew was that he was succouring someone in sore need, unknown to his master, and that their assistance was necessary for the furtherance of his plans.

This assistance they were only too pleased to give, and as they had no lack of money, and plenty of undirected leisure they could gratify themselves and Drake by the abundance of nourishing dishes they supplied his patient with. Once Maidie had pressed up to Corona with the whispered question:

"Do you think it can be for Cedric?"

And though such a surmise was strangely improbable, yet it set Corona's heart beating wildly, and from that moment no trouble was too great to take in order to secure the best of everything for Drake's sick *protege*.

The mystery of the unaccustomed space behind her bed head still remained unsolved; but Corona had more once fancied at nights that she heard cautious sounds behind the panelling, to which she could give no name. She had so far said nothing to Maidie of what she had heard or of the discovery afterwards made; but the time was coming when she would know all.

One day she was sitting at work in the window overlooking the sea when Maidie came rushing to her with a face absolutely white with terror.

"Corona! Corona!" she panted, casting herself into her sister's arms. "There's someone upstairs in the walled-uproom—and I believe," here she almost choked in her excitement and passion of terror—"I believe it's Cedric—and they've walled him up to starve him to death."

Corona's face blanched as she held the trembling child in her arms; but she did not rush to the wild extremes that her little sister soon reached.

Maidie had heard a little too much of the legends of her convent home, and from infancy had been familiar with the conventual nun who had been unfaithful to her vows and had as a punishment been walled up to die in her cell.

"Dearest, what do you mean? How can there be anyone up there, when the door has been walled up?"

"Oh, I don't know; but there is!—there is! Come and listen. I heard steps. I heard voices. Someone was angry—it sounded like Mr. Vansittart (the girls seldom called their guardian now) and then another one answered; and oh! Corona—I believe it was Cedric! Come! Come and listen yourself!"

Corona needed no urging; silently and swiftly the sisters fled upstairs to one of the deserted rooms overhead. Maidie led the way on tiptoe into one of these, the window of which stood open.

"Now listen, Corona, listen!" she whispered. Corona held her breath and listened intently, but for some moments without hearing a sound. But after perhaps two or three minutes had passed, she gave a sudden start, for most assuredly there was a light footfall overhead, and something like the movement of a piece of furniture.

Straining their ears to listen, they became certain that conversation was going on. Corona believed she could distinguish the thin incisive tones of her guardian's voice, talking with the deliberate intonation she knew and dreaded but too well. When he spoke thus he always meant mischief. There was something strangely cruel and relentless in the manner in which he seemed to be speaking, and Maidie clung to her sister in an excess of nervous terror.

Presently another voice was heard, too, and the sisters started and exchanged meaning glances. There was something in the tone, muffled as it was by distance and the obstruction of lath and plaster, that set Corona's heart beating wildly. The voice was low, though sharpened a little as by anger or pain, and only a few words were spoken at a time, but if it were not Cedric's voice it was one strangely like it. The sisters trembled as they stood, till a strange sound in the leads almost over their heads sent them scurrying back to their room like hunted hares.

"Oh Corona, Corona, what is it?"

And then Corona, moved out of all reserve by the intense excitement of this discovery, told Maidie of the strange sounds she had heard upon the night following the murder, and the child with one of those flashes of intuition that came to her from time to time almost as a revelation, cried out instantly:

"Oh Corona, don't you see? I see it all! They have got Cedric up there for some wicked, cruel purpose of their own; and the space behind your bed is a staircase that nobody knows of but those wicked, wicked people. They carried him up there that night, and kill him so that their secret may be safe, and now they will kill him by inches, so that he can never tell of their wickedness; and Drake, who he is not so wicked, is working against them."

Corona's blood seemed to freeze in her veins. Suppose it should be so! Reason said "impossible;" but her heart told her it was too true.

"Maidie," she said, with sudden resolution, "if Cedric is in this house nothing shall keep me from him."

"Oh, Corona, I am so glad. But how will you get to him?"

Corona's face had taken a look of such resolute determination that it appeared as if no obstacle could be too hard for her to surmount.

"Maidie, if there is a staircase behind the panelling, I shall make a way through it, and see for myself if what we suspect is true."

Without word the girls rushed to their close examination of the woodwork behind the bed, and heard the hollow sound as they rapped upon it.

"Hush!" said Maidie, suddenly; "someone is going down the stairs."

Both put their ear to the panelling, and heard the sound of a slowly descending footstep, and also of a voice muttering angrily:

"Not subdued yet! I cannot understand it! Can Corona have any influence with him? I'll try—I vow I'll try! I will—" there the voice was lost in the distance. The girls exchanged scared glances.

"It is he!" exclaimed Corona, "and he has got some victim in his clutches: Cedric or another. It matters not. We will rescue him. Later, Maidie, you and I are strong enough and patient enough to cut ourselves a way through this wall; and by great care and caution we can contrive to do it when no one will be passing up or down. Little by little we will work our way through, and take care that no one from the other side shall see it; and when once we get to him, and find out if it is as we think, then we must let the world know, and he will at once be rescued from this dreadful prison."

"But, Corona," and Maidie's face was pale and troubled, "if we let people know where Cedric is they will hang him."

Corona started. For a moment she had forgotten the peril that beset her lover from without. It seemed to prejudice her that he should be thought a murderer, yet she saw now more clearly than before how cleverly the trap had been set, how difficult extenuation would be. Yet neither look nor voice wavered.

"At least we will find him first. Afterwards we can decide what is to be done next."

CHAPTER XXV.

MERVYN SPEAKS.

Mildred, Cicely and Patricia were sitting together in the little upstairs boudoir belonging to the first of the three, and they were discussing as usual the events of the past weeks and wondering whether any news would ever be heard of Cedric.

It was just a fortnight since the day of the crime, and not a ray of further light had been thrown upon the subject. Mervyn, though on the road to recovery, was still excessively weak, and knew nothing whatever of the real tragedy of that night, and Keith's researches were prosecuted in absolute silence, and were known only to Patricia and Marjorie.

There had been no talk yet of the viscount's leaving his room. He had only just been promoted to lie upon the sofa in his dressing-gown. The surprise of the three girls may therefore be well imagined when the door of their room opened, and Mervyn came slowly in, as pale as a ghost, and more languid than ever in his movements than he had been with his usual scrupulous care, and with only his sling to betoken anything of the invalid in his appearance.

"Mervyn!" cried Mildred, starting up. "How could you! Who has given you leave?"

Patricia pulled forward a large armchair, into which he leisurely sank, reclining Mildred's offer of the sofa, and looking about him with a smile of languid interest and amusement.

"Please do not disturb yourselves, ladies. I did not know I should intrude. I only came here because it was the nearest sitting-room. Mildred, my dear, what is the matter?"

"I don't believe you ought to have come. Did Mr. Blunt let you?"

"I have not had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Hunt to-day. I have come here because I am tired to death of my own room, and here I thought I might stay. Even not to rest, they say; though I confess I have never witnessed that interesting phenomenon. This worm has turned at last. Mildred, I shall be no slave. I have revolted at last against tyranny. Patricia, I can see sympathizes with me."

All this was spoken in a lazy tone, very slowly, but it only seemed a sort of exaggeration of his own ordinary manner.

"I do, if only it does not hurt you afterwards. At least it is a pleasure to see you about again."

"Ah, yes; I suppose I have been sadly missed," and the viscount leaned back heavily against the cushioned chair, and half closed his eyes. "That is why I feel it a duty to others to come out of my seclusion the first possible moment."

"You had better not show yourself too much at present," advised Cicely, "or you will be taken for a ghost, and that will add a new element of mystery," but a warning glance from Patricia checked her.

Meanwhile Mervyn over the glance—he always did see what he was not intended to, as he always heard what was not meant to reach his ears. He did not, however, make any open comment, and resignedly submitted to be dosed with wine and soup which his sister had promptly fetched for him.

The girls chatted to him and to each other, without troubling him to put in a word unless he chose; and he lay back in his chair and listened, to all appearance half asleep, though in reality not losing a word. He noted with his customary acuteness that no allusion of any kind was made to the accident which had befallen himself, and he had before observed that the doctors had never put a single question to him respecting it, and that a strange silence had hung upon everyone respecting the events of that night.

Keith came in presently, greatly astonished at not finding his brother in his own room, and rather disposed to scold him, only that scolding Mervyn was something like that very unsatisfactory process of pouring water on a duck's back. So he took a seat instead, and began to join in the conversation.

"Look here, Keith," said the viscount, suddenly, "how did I come by this?" and he indicated by a glance at his wounded arm.

"Some kind of a scrimmage I suppose. You ought to know best, yourself."

"Where's Cedric?" was the next question, for which Keith had an answer ready.

"Don't know. He's not at home. He's been away for a week or two now; but we don't hold much communication with the Towers."

"I should like to see him," said Mervyn.

"Surely you could find out his address, Keith," and he gave a meaning glance at his brother.

"I'll ask if you like."

"Do; and then particularly wish to speak to Adams. Send him up, will you, whilst you go down to luncheon?"

Keith's face was impenetrable, but the girls were less guarded in their looks. Mervyn saw at once the consternation in his sister's eyes, the anxiety for him in Patricia's.

"Is Adams not here?" he asked quickly.

"Well—no."

"Where is he? Was he hurt, too?"

There was no reply, and the viscount, roused up by this strange reticence, sat upright in his chair and looked about him keenly.

"Can't you speak some of you? What is it you are afraid of my knowing? Is the man dead?"

Keith saw that further secrecy was impossible.

"Yes; he is dead."

There was a brief pause, during which Mervyn raised his former attitude. His face was always so white now that it was impossible to judge if he had been greatly shocked by the news. Presently he began asking questions again.

"Was he killed that night?"

"Yes."

"By whom?"

"The murderer is not yet apprehended."

"Is anyone suspected?"

"Well—yes."

"Who is it? I wish you would not be so absurdly cautious. You don't suppose you can hide everything from me for ever. I know a good deal more than you suppose, as it is."

"Well, if you are determined to know, it is Cedric Musgrave."

"Ah! said he, in a tone not apprehended, you say?"

"No. He has not been heard of since the night."

"Was he found guilty at the inquest?"

"Yes."

"Have any of the proceedings got into print?"

"Yes, all that passed at the inquest is in the county paper."

"I should like to see it. You can leave it with me while you go to lunch."

Keith and Patricia exchanged glances, but it was plainly useless to attempt to withstand him. There was no mistaking the quiet determination concealed beneath apathetic manner. If they did not do his bidding he was quite capable of making his own way downstairs to the library and finding the paper for himself. When Mervyn's mind was made up no power could move him; and it was plainly made up now.

And Keith was glad of it in his heart, though not altogether without anxiety for his brother. He was in a fever of impatience to get at the bottom of the mystery that enshrouded Cedric, and if Mervyn could not clear that up, he could do something towards it at least.

He brought him the paper, extracted a promise that he would take his food properly when it came, and then they left him alone to his perusal, hoping that the calmness of his temperament would save him from undue excitement.

It was Keith and Patricia who went back to him after the conclusion of their repast. Mildred had no desire to encounter his eyes just yet. She was one of those who, like Gerald Richmond, had been unable to stand up against the weight of evidence brought against Cedric. She was convinced of his guilt, and knowing how great had been the old fondness between the two, was certain that Mervyn would feel this blow greatly.

He was leaning back in his chair very much as they had left him, and the paper was upon his knees.

"I should like to see the letter that was found in my pocket," he said, as Keith entered. "Is there any way of getting at it?"

"Yes; it is in the safe downstairs. The local authorities left it several things in the hands of my father, in his capacity as chairman of the bench. I can fetch it if you wish."

"I should like to see it, please."

As Keith went off on the errand Mervyn looked at Patricia, and said slowly:

"That verdict is simply monstrous."

"It was the only one they could return in the face of such evidence—everyone says so."

"Possibly. Some of the evidence is practically if not actually false—notably my over-deposition, if it can be called by such a name. It was a detestable thing to put questions like that to me, when I was in no state to give a reasonable answer, and every word was liable to misconstruction. The commonest justice requires that a deposition shall at least be read over to the person who made it, and that he shall understand the bearing of his own words. I call that piece of evidence a perfect scandal."

"I am glad to hear you say that. Was it not true that Cedric assaulted you?"

"Not in the least. Just awhile, Patricia. You shall know all in time. I must get my own ideas in order first. I want to see this wonderful letter upon which so much stress has been laid," and he closed his eyes and waited in silence for Keith's return.

Presently the brother came back, and put into Mervyn's hand the piece of paper.

"This is a forgery," he said very quietly after he had examined it for a time.

"How do you know?"

"Not by the writing, but by the general construction and style. Cedric never could have written such a letter to me. Besides, look at the commencement—'Lord Mervyn'—as if Cedric ever would or ever could, begin a letter to me in that way. We had not really quarrelled, and I was still a generous scheme, to give us both a little more peace at our respective homes. If he had wanted to see me really, no such quarrel as that would be needed. He would have said, 'Dear Mervyn,—Cottage at 4 30 p.m.,' or something of that kind; but that letter never reached me. It must have been put in my room by the person who met Cedric with Saintsbury—or professed to be. I had a letter from him, which I burned before the eyes of his messenger."

"But Cedric was there."

"Yes, he came to warn me. He heard that mischief was meant; I would not believe him and then he tried to compel me to come with him. We struggled together for a few minutes, and then came a blank for me."

Keith and Patricia exchanged meaningly beathless interest, and looked at each other meaningly.

"There Patricia! Did I not say it! Cedric is a victim not an assassin. He was probably wounded or killed trying to defend Mervyn, and has been made away with since."

"Made away with—no! I had not occurred to me. And for my sake—Cedric—"

Keith sprang forward, only to find that Mervyn had fainted away in his chair.

"I knew he would kill himself as soon as he had the strength of a rat," said that young man wrathfully, "but I was an ass to say anything about it. One gets boys wofully weak he is when he talks so clearly and sensibly."

For some time before Mervyn came to himself, and he was too feeble to speak for a long while after that. He still held in his hand the sheet of paper which he had pronounced to be a forgery; and when Keith asked for it back, he shook his head and said, "Not yet—have it in a moment," in a voice that was barely audible.

The doctor's visit and his remedies restored Mervyn to his usual state before the day ended; but he still lay on the sofa in Mildred's boudoir, and was not encouraged to talk.

Keith grew rather anxious for the safety of the document, which he thought ought to be out of the safe downstairs; but then he asked for it again Mervyn still declined to give it up, and said to his brother:

"Fetch me a red morocco blotting case from my table, and I'll show you something."

"I won't have you tire yourself any more."

"No, this won't tire me. Go and fetch it—I've just got the clue I wanted."

Keith did as desired, and fetched the case, his burning curiosity swallowing up his fears.

"Now open it and look for some loose sheets of paper scribbled over with figures and cabalistic signs."

Keith found them and held them up to his brother.

"That is right. Now hold them up to the light, and tell me if there is any stamp upon them."

"Yes; 'Tarrant & Co., 1848.'"

"Take this sheet, and read what is on it."

Keith took it eagerly, and held it up.

"'Tarrant & Co., 1848,'" he read over again.

"Ah, I thought so," said Mervyn, languidly. "Now will you examine the texture of the paper?"

Keith did so, even fetching his microscope to aid in the process.

"They are identical," he said, looking up at length.

"Just so. I imagined they would be;" and both Keith and Patricia, who had now come in, looked at him with earnest curiosity. She was the first to put a question.

"Why have you asked for this, you and Cedric, should not have paper from the same firm."

"Young men of our age seldom have will ing paper nearly forty years old."

"True; but—"

"And then, again, I do not imagine that Messrs. Tarrant will exist as a firm; but that bears no reason upon the question."

"What are these diagrams and things, Mervyn?" asked Keith; "the writing looks like yours."

"It is; it is part of a horoscope and several things of a like kind. Would you like to know where it was written?"

"Yes, if it bears upon the subject."

"You can judge of that when you know. It was written in Mr. Vansittart's library; the other is a cut of an old Italian, which, he said, had been the property of his father and grandfather before him."

Patricia and Keith sat silent a full minute, looking at the papers placed side by side upon the table; then she rose and spoke with subdued excitement.

"Then, Keith, you are right after all. There has been some foul plot, and Mr. Vansittart has been at the bottom of it all."

(To be Continued.)

The Household Prize.

135 Adelaide street west, Toronto, Ont.; "Your reliable preparation, St. Jacobs Oil, has proved a benefit to me in more ways than one. I have used it for rheumatism (and brand application) with very beneficial results, and for a case of rheumatism, where its action was swift and sure, and a perfect cure was performed. I consider it a remedy to be prized in every household." Thos. Pierdon, with Johnson & Brown.

A Good Work for Wagner.

P. Feeman—And are the folks not at home, Biddy?

Bridget—No, indade, Mister Roundsman; they have all gone to the theayter, and it's one of Wagner's operas, I hear. God bless the man. He wrote such large pieces that I'm all alone in the house for the nixt four hours.

Rather Doubtful

Watts—How is old man Gilfillan? Is he out of danger yet?

Dr. Bowl—I don't know. He died this morning.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Couldn't Very Well.

Dr. Pillsbury—Well, Mr. Septic, did you follow my prescription?

Septic—No. If I had I would have broken my neck.

Dr. Pillsbury—Why, what do you mean?

Septic—I threw the prescription out the window.—*America.*

Society As He Found It.

Mrs. Intrade—Where is your father?

Adult Son—He is at the store, editing his edition of Society for the Idiot.

Mrs. Intrade—What? A book?

Son—Yes, a ledger, full of unpaid and uncollectable bills.

Nearing the Brink.

He (feeling his way)—I—I wish we were good friends enough for you to—to call me by my first name.

She (helping him along)—Oh, your last name is good enough for me.

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CHAPTER XL.

A FATAL TELEGRAM.

Several days previous to Violet's recapture, Wallace and Lord Cameron were enjoying their after dinner smoke together in the room of the former.

They had been in the habit of dining together at a certain club house, the privileges of which had been tendered him as a compliment during his present visit, after which they always repaired to Wallace's room for a quiet, social chat and smoke before his lordship betook himself up town to make his daily call upon his fiancee.

Upon this occasion, instead of chatting, both young men were engaged in reading the newspaper, when Wallace suddenly looked at his companion, remarking, with considerable excitement:

"Here is the queerest advertisement, Cameron! Listen, and be read the following advertisement:

"WANTED—Information regarding a Miss Mary Lawrence, formerly of Boston, Mass. Report immediately at No. — Wall street.

"Well, what is there so strange about that?" asked Lord Cameron. "It seems like an ordinary personal to me—unless, indeed, you know the lady."

"She was my mother; at least, my mother, previous to her marriage, was a Miss Mary Lawrence, and she lived in Boston."

"Indeed. Then of course the advertisement is startling to you," returned his companion.

At about eleven o'clock the next morning, Wallace entered the elegant office of the wealthy banker, and asked to see the gentleman who had caused the above personal to be inserted in the newspaper.

The gentlemanly clerk conducted him to a private office, and introduced him to "Mr. Horace A. Lawrence."

Wallace made known his errand, while Mr. Lawrence regarded him with the closest scrutiny, and when the young man concluded, he asked, briefly:

"You give me any information concerning the person mentioned?"

"I am not sure, sir, whether I can or not," Wallace answered, smiling. "I can, however, give you the history of a Miss Mary Lawrence, who's home was formerly in Boston, Mass., but she may not be the woman whom you wish to find.

"Where was she born?" Mr. Lawrence inquired.

"In Salem, Mass."

"What were her parents' names?"

"William and Hannah."

"Now, the year of her birth, if you please."

"January 5th, 1830."

"Correct; she is the lady of whom I am in search. She is my cousin, and used to be a very dear one," said Mr. Lawrence, his face lighting up with pleasure. "Where is she living at the present time?"

"She is not living," said Wallace, sadly, "she died a year ago last September."

"Dead! Is Mary dead?" exclaimed his companion, with visible emotion. "Ah, we were such good friends—she was such a jolly, good-natured companion—such a reliable confidante. I loved Mary Lawrence as if she had been my own sister. But tell me, what relationship do you sustain towards her, young man?"

"I am her son."

Mr. Lawrence reached out and grasped Wallace warmly by the hand.

He did not doubt the truth of his statement in the least; indeed, he had more than half suspected it from the first, from his resemblance to his mother, and he was very much prepossessed by his appearance.

"I am heartily glad of the meeting and I believe you are a worthy son of such a mother," he said. "It is thirty years since I saw her, and she was then living in Boston. She was a girl of seventeen, and I a boy of nineteen, and we had been fond of each other from our childhood. My family moved to the West about that time, where we resided for many years. After my parents' death, I practised law in San Francisco for a couple of years, then went abroad, and was absent five more. After my return from Europe I established myself in this city, and then tried to learn something of my Uncle William's family. I was informed that both he and his wife were dead, but no one could tell me anything of their daughter. I supposed she had married and moved from Boston, and I was deeply disappointed in not being able to find her, for I yearned to renew the old-time friendship. Years went by, and I lost my wife, who left me one little daughter, who was sadly afflicted with blindness, and the past twelve years I have devoted wholly to her and my business. But," he concluded, with deep emotion, "I was not to escape even one sweet lamb spared me, and I buried my little girl only a few weeks ago."

"That was very sad, Mr. Lawrence," Wallace said, in a tone of sincere sympathy; "none escape—death comes to all of us."

"Ah, yes; and it must have been very hard for you to lose your mother. Is your father living?" inquired his companion.

"No, sir; he died more than ten years ago."

"Richardson, I believe you told me, is your name? What was his business?"

"Builder and contractor."

"Did he leave your mother well provided for?—excuse me if I seem curious, but my interest in my cousin leads me to wish to know all about her.

"No, sir; my father left only enough to meet his liabilities," Wallace answered, flushing slightly, "and my mother had a hard time for several years."

"Do you follow your father's business?" Mr. Lawrence asked, studying the noble face before him intently.

"I learned the carpenter's trade, but I am now an architect in this city."

"Indeed! Where were you educated in your profession?"

"In Cincinnati."

"In Cincinnati!" repeated Mr. Lawrence, with a sudden inward thrill, as it just then occurred to him that Violet's home had been in that city and that she had loved a young man named Richardson, who was an architect.

Could it be possible that the son of his cousin was her lover? Ah! no, for she had told him that her betrothed had died while she was abroad.

"Where did your mother die, Mr. Richardson?" he asked.

"In Cincinnati, sir."

Again the man was startled by what seemed a strange coincidence, for Violet had said that her lover had betrayed his sister, for her death, they stood together over his dead mother's casket. Still he did not like to bring Violet's name into the conversation just then.

"Have you a family?" he asked, after a moment.

"No, sir; I have been married, but—I have lost my wife," Wallace responded, in a husky tone.

"I am very sorry; that is hard on you at your age," Mr. Lawrence said, with heartfelt sympathy, and sure now that Violet's lover must have been some other architect. "Tell me more about yourself and your mother, that is if it will not be too painful to do so."

Wallace gave him a brief account of his whole life, reserving only that portion relating to Violet; the subject of his marriage and his cruel loss was too sacred to be spoken of to a stranger, and he never referred to it to any one, excepting Lord Cameron; indeed he could never mention his young wife's name with any degree of self-control.

"You have had something of a struggle during your short life, haven't you, my young cousin?" Mr. Lawrence remarked, with earnest feeling when Wallace concluded.

"Yes, sir; it has been rather up-hill work some of the time, but I believe I am all the better prepared for life for having had difficulties to conquer."

"There can be no doubt of it," Mr. Lawrence replied, heartily, while he added to himself: "He's a fine fellow—a fellow of my own blood, and I will cultivate his acquaintance."

Then he continued aloud:

"But, I trust you have reached smoother sailing by this time."

"Yes, sir; my prospects appear to be quite encouraging just at present," Wallace modestly replied; then he named the gentleman with whom he had formed a partnership.

The more Mr. Lawrence conversed with him the better he was pleased, and when their conversation was finally interrupted, he insisted that Wallace should come to dine with him that evening.

The young man accepted his invitation with thanks and then went his way to his own business.

He repaired to Mr. Lawrence's elegant residence at the appointed hour and spent a most delightful evening with his newly discovered relative.

Mr. Lawrence was so full of old-time memories that his conversation was chiefly confined to his own early life and his pleasant relations with Wallace's mother, and thus nothing was said by either, to arouse a suspicion that the other knew anything of Violet Huntington's history.

"You will be very friendly, will you not, Wallace?" Mr. Lawrence said when he parted from him at a late hour. "I am a lonely old man and young companionship, like yours, will be very acceptable to me; so give me all of your society that you can conveniently, and feel perfectly free to make this your home whenever you like."

Wallace thanked him and went away feeling a bit the less lonely and forlorn because of his newly discovered link with his past.

Mr. Lawrence went directly to his library after the young man's departure, unlocked his safe and drew forth a legal looking document.

This was his will.

He made some slight alterations in it, inserted Wallace Richardson's name, as co-equal heir with Violet, and then added a codicil, stating that if the young girl should not be found within five years the whole of his property should revert to his young cousin.

"Shall I ever see the dear girl again?" he murmured, a spasm of pain contracting his brow. "I pray that I may learn something definite regarding her fate soon, for this suspense is intolerable."

A few evenings later a couple of his intimate friends called upon him, and Mr. Lawrence requested them to witness his will. This they did, and afterward their conversation turned upon the mysterious disappearance of Violet.

It was the remark of these two gentlemen, regarding the same subject, that Wilhelm Mencke overheard as he dogged their footsteps when they left the residence of the banker on the evening of Violet's escape from her captor's power.

The next day, Mr. Lawrence was called out of town upon business that would detain him for several days.

Violet felt greatly elated over her success in sending her letter to her friend, and was sure that he would effect her release some time during the next day.

She had difficulty in preserving her self-control in the presence of Sarah, for she knew that the woman was very keen, and would suspect her secret unless she was carefully guarded.

She retired early, hoping to sleep the time away; but she was nervous and anxious, and a hundred doubts and fears about her letter reaching its destination, beset her, and counteracted the influence of the drowsy god.

But she slept at last, and when morning dawned hope reassumed her, and she felt assured that to-day she would be free.

Oh! how long the hours seemed until noon, and yet no one came.

"He will surely come this afternoon," she said, trying to fortify herself with the hope; but the day waned, and no sign of any friendly aid was visible; and as darkness came on again, her heart sank, while she started at every step and every sound so nervously that Sarah at last remarked:

"What ails you, Miss Violet? What are you afraid of that you keep starting so?"

Violet flushed crimson, and then grew suddenly pale.

It would never do, she thought, to betray herself like this, or her captors would immediately remove her to some other place, and then Mr. Lawrence would never find her.

"I do not want to see Wilhelm Mencke again—don't let him come into the room, will you, Sarah?" she said, hoping to ward off suspicion thus.

"What are you afraid of, child? He cannot harm you. I would not allow him to harm you" the woman replied, reassuringly.

"But he makes me very nervous. I believe I look into his eyes," said Violet.

"Her nerves are getting unstrung—she will get sick if she is kept cooped up like this much longer," Sarah muttered to herself, while her sympathies went out more and more toward the unfortunate girl.

Violet's nerves were becoming unstrung, and she was so terribly disappointed that her letter had not brought the speedy relief she expected, that she sobbed herself to sleep that night.

The next morning she was weak and unrefreshed, and did not rise until late.

Then she had no appetite for her breakfast, and sat all day by the window looking out upon the street, watching eagerly every passerby, and listening intently to every footfall upon the pavement and stairs.

No one came, and how interminable the hours seemed!

Night shut down upon her again, and all through its silent and lonely watches the young girl tossed feverishly and restlessly.

The third morning she was wan and hollow eyed, and could not take scarcely any food herself, she could not sit up, and went back upon the bed, where she lay white and still, eating nothing, and taking no notice of anything.

Late in the afternoon Wilhelm Mencke came to see how his captive was faring.

He was in excellent spirits, for he had that morning received a telegram from his wife, who said that everything was working favorably for her, and she hoped to be back in New York at the expiration of a week.

Sarah expressed a fear that Violet was going to be ill, and this report disturbed him somewhat, for it would materially disarrange his plans to have to nurse her through a long sickness just now.

He tried to arouse her, but she either could not or would not speak to him, and he at length went away, feeling very anxious as well as irritated.

Meantime Mrs. Mencke was meeting with the most flattering success in her schemes.

Upon her arrival in Cincinnati she had been received with great cordiality by her former friends, who of course had all heard of the recent fortune which had apparently fallen to her as nearest of kin to her ill-fated sister.

The lawyer who had it in charge greeted her most politely, expressing his gratification at her return, and over the fact that he would now be able to get rid of the property, which he had feared would be likely to prove an annoying incumbrance to him.

No one thought of questioning the fact of Violet's death, for both Mrs. Hawley and Nellie Bailey had been abroad at the time of the sad tragedy at Mentone, and had testified to the sad bereavement; and thus it seemed as if all business would be speedily transacted, Mrs. Mencke recognized as the legitimate heir, and the fortune of Jonas Huntington surrendered to her without a question.

She explained her recent presence in an offhand manner, saying that she and her husband had preferred to reside in New York since their return from abroad, and they probably would never make their home again in Cincinnati, as Mr. Mencke believed he could be more prosperous in Gotham.

Mrs. Hawley, her old friend, insisted that she should make her house her home during her stay in the city, and showed her every possible attention, going with her often to whom she visited her former friends, and therefore Mrs. Mencke seemed like her old proud, imperious self once more.

All this was very pleasant, and the woman was very much elated, enjoying her return to social life to the utmost.

She had been absent just a week from New York when Mr. Middleton, the lawyer, informed her that he would make a final settlement on the morrow, when all papers, bonds, money, etc., would be surrendered to her.

It seemed now as if her triumph was complete, and she was the life of a grand farewell reception given in her honor that night by Mrs. Hawley. Many people spoke of it afterward, and remarked that they had never seen Mrs. Mencke so handsome or so gay during all her previous residence in Cincinnati.

She received the congratulations of her friends upon her recent good fortune with a feeling akin to exultation in her heart, but with outward composure. Many expressed regret that she would not remain in her old home, and that they could not have the pleasure of congratulating her husband also. She thanked them in his name, but remarked that pressing business had detained him in New York.

She retired that night full of hope, and feeling that a bright future was opening out before her, while she gave not one regretful thought to the fair young creature whom she had left to the tender mercies of her coarse husband and his hireling.

The next morning she repaired to Mr. Middleton's office for the final settlement he had promised.

Her trunk was packed, her ticket purchased, and everything arranged for her return to New York on the afternoon express.

Mr. Middleton was awaiting her, but, somehow, she imagined that there was a certain constraint in his manner as he greeted her which had not been apparent before.

"Well," she said, gayly, "I suppose my waiting is ended, and my hopes are to be realized at last."

"Ahem!" returned Mr. Middleton, with some embarrassment, "I expected that I should be able to settle everything this morning, but——"

"But what?" demanded his client, with some show of impatience, a frown of annoyance and displeasure settling upon her brow. "Hasn't I clearly proved my identity, and my claim to this property?" she concluded, somewhat sarcastically.

"Your identity, Mrs. Mencke, is certainly not to be disputed, but—but I am obliged to tell you that your claim to Jonas Huntington's property is," returned the lawyer, gravely.

"Good gracious! What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Mencke, sharply, and losing all her brilliant color, while a nervous trembling seized her.

For reply, Mr. Middleton took a slip of yellow paper from his table and held it out to her.

It was a telegram, received that very morning—even within that hour.

The woman seized it, with a hand that shook like a leaf, and read:

"NEW YORK CITY, March 1, 188—.

"TO RALPH MIDDLETON, Esq.

"Stay all proceedings connected with the Huntington fortune. Violet Huntington is still living. "WALLACE RICHARDSON."

(To be Continued.)

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. F. H., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" Saturday Night Office.)

MR. GOODPLAYER.—See Westward Ho!

CLEOPATRA.—Indecision, generosity and mirth.

IDALIA.—Impressionable, self-willed, mirthful, energetic and brave.

EVANGELINE.—You are energetic, generous, persistent in will, a little vain, ambitious and sometimes careless.

STANISLAUS.—Your writing shows good intuition, a somewhat fastidious nature, some self-shness, originality and candor.

WESTWARD HO!—Extreme sensitiveness, self-esteem, honesty and previshness are most clearly denoted by your writing.

BUSHIA J.—You are probably methodical, conscientious, a little vain, very unorientalious in your tastes, and proud—spirited.

DELL.—This writing shows originality, ambition, a practical and reserved nature with some self-reliance and self-will.

JOHN.—You are methodical, ambitious, unostentatious, self-reliant, steadily persevering, generous and somewhat self-esteeming.

HOP.—This writing displays a free and kindly nature, some self-will, much independence of thought and an occasionally captious temper.

BUNN.—This writing shows method, good tact, practical ability, an unostentatious disposition, independence of thought and a sunny nature.

LIZZIE P.—This writing shows perseverance, energy, thoughtfulness, vanity, good practical ability and a somewhat cold and reserved nature.

RAVINE.—You are self-reliant, kind-hearted, unassuming, inclined to be thoughtful rather than gay, a little self-assertive and steadily persevering.

GLADYS.—You are very vivacious in your disposition, brisk in your movements, a little impatient, sensitive, imaginative and spasmodically persevering.

LAW STUDENT.—You are frank, unostentatious, self-esteeming, methodical, somewhat conceited, with great powers of endurance and good determination.

ROSEDALE.—Your writing points to ambition, some thoughtfulness, generosity, decision of will, much independence of thought, a little vanity and vivacity.

CALIX.—This indicates self-esteem, indecision, an impressionable nature, fondness for ease and good living, a tendency to form rapid conclusions, and splendid intuitive perception.

PAULA.—Why, yes, I will try and answer your question any time you may send them. Your writing displays determination, energy, impulse, candor and independence of thought.

JEN. SEN.—This writing exhibits reserve, a practical nature, some ostentation, firmness, a tendency towards exaggeration, much power of concentrating your energies and some selfishness.

AIDA.—Your note was quite long enough for me to pass a good judgment on it. The writing shows strong self-will, so firmness to a slight extent, good practical ability and depth of affection.

REVAX.—In the word "fakir," the "a" is long and the first syllable is accented. Your writing exhibits impulse, energy, self-esteem, imaginative disposition, some hauteur and delicacy of feeling.

NOM DE PLUME.—I do not recollect having answered your letter, and if it is a not receivedreply by this time, he will you write me again, repeating your questions, and reminding me that you have written before.

PIERRE.—You are sensitive and sympathetic, generous, but hasty-tempered, careless, merry-hearted, disliking conventionality and having a fine sense of honor. Surely that is not "too awful," as you put it, so write me again sometime.

RAGGIO.—Thank you for your kind permission to do my duty and not to shrink from telling you the exact, the bare and—mayhap the unpalatable, truth. I see here intuition well marked, tact, obstinacy, a persistent will, and much tenderness of heart.

FORTIOR.—The matter of which you ask an opinion, viz: Dr. Koch's discovery, is utterly beyond me. I am entirely ignorant of its merits or demerits. I think you must wait until those Canadians who have gone abroad to study it in detail, return and give us their views.

ROBIN.—How flippant you are my friend! In fact I rather think flippancy will outweigh the determination. Your writing displays generosity, a rather impulsive disposition, a hasty temper, originality, briskness of manner and a progressive nature. The enclosed exhibits carelessness, some vanity, a very genial nature, strong will-power, but a lack of practical decision.

ENVY.—I am of the opinion that you can not yet obtain James Whitcombe Riley's poems in book form. You will find them scattered through the columns of the newspapers and magazines. Hide not your light under a bushel, my pather and real but, but they are not, I think collected. Your writing is indicative of self-esteem geniality, conceit, lack of caution, energy, generosity, originality and self-will.

SENNA.—Yes, you should raise your hat in that case. If you are with a lady you make yourself a nuisance if you greet friends—male or female—as well as each time she bows. In fact when eve, there is a "woman in it" the hat is doffed. When you are also a you raise your hat to every lady, you know, and each time you greet a male acquaintance who is accompanied by a lady. Your writing is indicative of good perceptive faculties, strong self-reliance, sensitiveness, energy, method and self-esteem.

SWEETHEART.—You dear little girl-wife, I am so glad that you wrote me on your bridal tour, for I do believe yours is the first letter that a bride has written me. Of course you are happy, and I do most earnestly trust that you will ever be so. You must keep a warm corner in your heart, for Canada will ever be your home. Live in Detroit, and judging from your letter I am sure you will try to. Your writing shows tenderness, sensitiveness, sympathy, rather too much indecision, briskness, originality and a captious temper.

ROSE.—This photograph reveals shrewdness, candor, lack of self-reliance, reserve, strong willulness and some pride. I am returning the portrait and the enclosed writing. In my estimation, the one across which I have drawn my pencil, tallies more nearly with the characteristics of the face. Your song shows energy, tenacity of purpose, a little self-ishness, candor and justice. You did not write much, and, indeed the critics of the face was a pleasure as contrasted the previous one.

RESELLIOUS MISONNYPE.—Your writing indicates thoughtlessness, if not too much selfish ambition, self-will and vanity. You are affectionate at heart, so do not try to shut up the tenderness, and make yourself cold and reserved. 2 Do not do anything towards a reconciliation. He must have some good reason for ceasing his attentions, and if he excuses himself you cannot make a further enquiry. I think it would be far wiser to let things right themselves. You are young yet and this new year may bring you the dream of happiness. You do not surely mean what you said about money. If you do, I am afraid that your idea of happiness is very false one. It belongs so little that people really need, and you will find it cramping your heart. Put such thoughts out of your head, for, believe me, they are very wrong and sure to bring you misery.

HELEN.—I am glad you wrote to me. Surely I am not so very severe that you should be afraid I would not answer your puzzling questions. Some correspondents write impertinently, but perhaps that only endears to me those who manifest all the doubts of good breeding, even in writing for character delineation. With regard to the young lady, I must say I do not understand your. Is your mother any reasons for not wishing you to make a friend of her? 2. Take a friend with you, unless he be an old friend and one whom your mother knows well. 3. From five to six, or even in the evening if all the conditions are full-bid. 4. Your writing shows extreme generosity, some vanity, indecision, carelessness and self-will. You are naturally tender-hearted, but have for some reason or other grown cold and reserved. Do not, chose your heart, little friend—let all its warmth and fine feelings have full play and guide it by your womanly, sense of fitness.

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The Other—How could you have married him after that?
Y. W.—Oh, I was eighteen and he was seventy-five, you see.—*Life.*

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A Chicago Time Saver.

I was in the office of a Chicago real estate and loan agent the other day, and had scarcely got seated when a woman was admitted and asked him for a subscription to some charity.

"With the greatest of pleasure, ma'am," he replied, and producing a cheque-book he filled out a cheque for $10. She thanked him very sweetly as she withdrew, and it was only five minutes later when a man entered and asked for a contribution to some poor children's fund.

"Certainly—only too glad," replied the agent, and he wrote another cheque for $10.

After we had been interrupted four times, and he had cheerfully written four cheques I said to him:

"You certainly deserve the title of a philanthropist."

"Well, perhaps."

"But I notice that you ask no questions and take everything for granted. Have you no fear of being swindled?"

"None whatever."

"Well, the people of Chicago must be an honest crowd."

"Oh, it isn't that my dear sir. Let me——"

Here a lady entered and asked for a contribution to assist in giving a free excursion to a Sunday school, and he wrote her a cheque for $15 and waved her out and continued:

"Let me explain. All those cheques are worthless, as they are drawn on a bank where I have no funds. I do it to save time. All these callers come prepared to argue and explain and contend, and each one of them would sit for half an hour. By giving these cheques I secure a great reputation around the block as a philanthropist and a well-heeled man, and it costs me nothing. When——"

Here he paused to fill out a cheque for $20 for the establishment of a sailors' bethel, and then finished:

"When the cheques are presented they are found to be worthless, and those holding them either get mad or see the joke. In either case they never return, nor do they give me away. Try it, my boy. Saves time, money and gab, and it won't be a month before you'll be satisfied that you are doing charity a better service than if you were handing out the cold cash."—*New York Sun.*

The "Giving" Kind.

Mrs. Honeyton—Are those some of the cigars I gave you?

Honeyton—Yes.

Mrs. Honeyton—How are they?

Honeyton—They are of the kind that it is better to give than to receive.

Out of Town.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Fuller, Mrs. MacAdams, Miss Dunlop, Miss Dewar, Miss Mills, Messrs. Harvey, Burns, Bruce, Gates, Duncan, H. Gates, Billet, Carr, Macdiverie, Patterson and others.

Mrs. Hamilton of John street north welcomed a number of young people to afternoon tea on the same day.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan gave a small dance on Saturday evening in honor of her brother and cousin who are her guests from Montreal.

Miss Macpherson of Calgary is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie for a few days.

Mrs. Ricketts of Herkimer street gave a musicale on Tuesday evening.

Lieut. Carpenter, who has been spending Christmas here left for Frederickton on Sunday evening.

Mr. C. Smart has returned to Montreal after spending his vacation here.

Mr. Beemer of Brooklyn is the guest of his sister, Mrs. John Calder of Hughson street.

Mrs. R. G. Sutherland of Hunter street gave a children's party on Thursday evening, January 8.

The Philharmonic Society commenced rehearsals for their second concert on Tuesday evening.

Miss Mount of Montreal is the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. F. Egan of Park street north.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Travers of Picton spent New Year's day with Mr. and Mrs. Travers of the Bank of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock of Toronto were the guests of Mrs. Haskins of Main street on New Year's day.

Miss Gowinlock of Paris is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Kerr of Charles street.

Miss Mabel Stark, daughter of Mr. R. Stark of 91 Bold street is on a visit at Sheriff Gloss of London.

Mr. Alex. Ramsay of the Imperial Bank, Woodstock, spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday with Mr. R. Stark of 91 Bold street.

SYLVIA.

BARRIE.

During Christmas week time passed very merrily. Several small evenings were given for young people. On Friday an exceedingly pleasant one was given by Lady Kortright, about twenty guests enjoying the hospitality of Hillside that evening.

Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Mr. L. McCarthy of Toronto, spent Christmas with relatives here.

Dr. W. Pepler of Toronto was the guest of Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler for a few days.

Quite a number in Barrie received invitations from the bachelors of Aurora to their assembly which took place on Thursday, January 1.

The Boulders, Allandale, was the scene of a merry gathering on December 30. Mrs. Schreiber having invited some friends for Mr. B. Schreiber of Tonawanda, who has been spending Christmas here. Mrs. Johnson of Toronto assisted in looking after the entertainment of their guests. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Higgate, Mrs. Beatty, Mr. Chapman, Mr. H. and Miss Kortright, the Misses B. and F. Mason, Mr. L. McCarthy, Miss Cotter, Mr. F. Hornsby, Mr. H. Giles, Miss Holgate, Mr. Armstrong of Toronto, Mr. W. and Miss Spotton of Toronto, Mr. W. Cotter, Mr. A. and Miss Dyment, Miss Baker, Miss Murphy, Mr. P. Kortright and Mr. A. Dockray of Toronto.

A small progressive euchre party was given by Mrs. Baker on New Year's night.

Bradford on Friday, January 2, was well lighted and the spacious rooms nicely arranged for the At Home which was given by Mrs. Campbell, who was assisted by her daughter in receiving the guests. The room in which dancing was enjoyed, presented a bright and gay appearance when the music began, and it was not until an early hour in the morning that the many who gracefully glided over the waxed floor concluded it was time to wish their kind hostess adieu. Upstairs a large room was set apart for the supper. Among those present were Mrs. and Miss Way, Mr. J. C. Morgan, Mr. H. and Miss Kortright, Mr. T. and Miss K. Boys, Mr Giles, the Misses Mason, Mr. T. McCarthy, Miss Cotter, Mr. B. and Miss Schreiber, Mr. W. Bridges, Miss Sary, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. Gillett, Mrs. Griffen, Mr. F. Hornsby, Messrs. F. and C. Crease and others.

A very pleasant card party was given by Mrs. Higgate of Allandale, last Monday night.

Miss Moffat of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. H. H. Morris.

Miss Armour of Bowmanville is visiting Mrs. Rivenhurst.

Miss Cary Harrison is visiting her aunt, Mrs. G. J. Mason.

Mrs. Charles Temple of Toronto is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Vanattart.

OCULAIRE.

WALKERTON.

On Friday, January 2, the bachelors of Walkerton held their third annual ball in Rothwell's music hall. The gallery at the back was reserved as a dressing-room, whilst the large platform was appropriated as a supper-room. The numerous flags and quantities of bunting interspersed with pictures tastefully arranged on the walls, together with the varied and beautiful toilettes of the ladies, gave the ballroom a most charming appearance. Dancing commenced about nine, and was kept up with spirit until 4 a.m. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Sinclair, McKinlay, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. McNamara, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Green, Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. J. R. Shaw. The stewards were: Messrs. Shaw, Verchere, Wisser, Fox, Barrett, Collins, McLean, Stovel and Dalrymple. Too much praise cannot be given to the secretary, Mr. A. Collins, who was untiring in his efforts to promote harmony and entertain the guests. A string band furnished the music and carried out the programme with its usual good taste, and thereby added much to the evening's enjoyment. Amongst those present I noticed Dr. and Miss Landerkin of Hanover, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Cargill of Cargill, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hunter and Mr. J. Hunter of Durham, Mr. F. Barrett of Owen Sound, Dr. and Mrs. Freeman of Milton, Miss Strong of Mount Forest, Mr. Aylwin of Port Elgin, Miss Martyn of Kincardine, Miss Cargill of Wingham, Mrs. Cooper and Miss Hunter of Portage la Prairie, Miss Cooke, Miss Adams, Messrs. F. Cooke, G. Cooke and J. H. Stuart of Chesley, Mr. J. H. McNamara of North Bay, Mr. N. Shaw of Berlin, Mr. and Mrs. Bricker, Miss Hay, Miss Brooks and Mr. E. Brooks of Listowel, Messrs. Scott, Grey and Cook of Kincardine, Mr. A. C. Shaw of Stratford, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Barrett, Mrs. A. Shaw, Miss Shaw, Mrs. Sutton and the Misses Sutton, Dr. and Mrs. Sinclair, Misses Sinclair, Dr. and Mrs. Porter, Dr. and Mrs. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. McKee, Mrs. McKid, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Klein, Mr. and Mrs. Hay, Mr. and Mrs. McNamara, Miss Traill, Miss Kerr, Miss McLean, Miss Brown, Messrs. Stovel, McLean, Gunn, Robertson, Hughes, A. L. Shaw, T. Attwood, Wisser, Collins, Turner, Sinclair, McNamara, Sutton, Kingsmill and Harris.

A French Lecture.

The Ingres-Coutellier School of Modern Languages is doing its best to give to the Toronto people a good knowledge of the French language. Some weeks ago Prof. George Coutellier delivered a lecture about Nice in the Y. M. C. A. Hall and the room was crowded. A second lecture about Paris les Parisiens—les Parisienes will take place Thursday next 15th of January at eight o'clock p. m. in one of the rooms of the Y. M. C. A., corner of Yonge and McGill streets.

Some Days.

At the end of a busy day it is often a painful reflection that little or nothing has been accomplished, in spite of all our pains. Heart and brain and hands have been filled to the utmost. There have been no idle minutes in which to sit down and rest, yet we cannot show what work has been done, what business finished that is not to be recommenced on the morrow.

At such times there may be comfort in the thought that there has been inward growth of no less importance, although its results cannot be as accurately weighed and measured as can the commonest duties of life.

A day is not wasted on which, amid the friction of innumerable petty trials, we learn lessons of patience. Time in which we study a gracious forbearance is not spent in vain, although we had planned to spend it in labor which would have shown finer achievements. It is not even in vain that we conquer a rising anger before we can quietly begin the study.—*Harper's Bazar.*

TORONTO VOCAL SOCIETY

SIXTH SEASON

Organized Oct., 1886 Incorporated 1890

PATRONS—Sir Alexander Campbell, K.C.M.G.; the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Toronto.

Hon. President, J. K. Kerr, Q.C.; President, George Musson; W. Edgar Buck, Musical Director.

The First Concert

Of the season will take place at the PAVILION MUSIC HALL, on

Thursday, January 22

The society numbers 100 trained voices. Soloists—Miss Adele Aus der Ohe, pianist; Mrs. Julie E Wyman, mezzo-soprano.

Subscription—Three reserved seats for each concert (two concerts) $5. Tickets may now be had on application to H. SOULIER, Hon. Sec.-Treas., cor. King and Yonge Sts. Box plan opens at Nordheimers' on Jan. 15.

The Torrington Orchestra

Under the auspices of the Toronto Orchestral Society.

Pavilion Music Hall, Monday, January 19, 1891

FIRST CONCERT—FIFTH SEASON

Assisted by Frau DUNSAR-MORAWETZ Contralto; Mrs. J. C. SMITH, Mezzo-Soprano; Mr. DOUGLAS BIRD, Tenor; Miss FLORENCE CLARKE, Piano; Mr. W. L. CLARKE, Cornet.

Subscription $4. Two tickets to each concert. Two concerts to be given this season. List closed to subscribers Jan 13. General plan on sale at Nordheimers' Jan. 15. Apply for subscription and information to J. W. STOCKWELL, Esq., 103 King St. West. Telephone 1258.

P. S.—Net proceeds this season to be devoted to the Library Fund, University of Toronto.

CANADA LIFE BUILDING

GERMAN. FRENCH. SPANISH

THE INGRES-COUTELLIER SCHOOL

OF MODERN LANGUAGES

Natural method. Native teachers. Once a week until JUNE the 1st. Every Tuesday at 8 o'clock p.m., in one of the school rooms (Canada Life Building).

A course of French Literature will be held by Prof. Geo. Coutellier, B.A., D.C.L., of the Paris Academy. First course—Tuesday, January 13.

A course of German Literature will be delivered every Wednesday by Herr Friedewald. First course—Wednesday, January 14.

Tuition for admission until June the first—

For the pupils of the school..... $7

For non-pupils..... 4

For particulars and admission cards apply to the school.

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A

Happy New Year

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6TH ANNUAL SWEEPING SALE

WILL COMMENCE

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Mason & Risch will help you to solve this problem. They will send you a piano, or an organ, the very best instrument obtainable, brand new, boxed and delivered, and give you two years, if you want it, to pay for it.

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The Best Fit

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of ten per cent. upon the paid-up capital stock in this institution has been declared for the current year, and that the same will be payable at the office of the Company, Adelaide Street West, on and after

Thursday, the 15th Day of January Next

The transfer books will be closed from the 5th to the 15th day of January next, both days inclusive, by order of the Board. E. E. SHEPPARD, Manager.

Toronto, December 23, 1890.

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78 Yonge Street, Toronto

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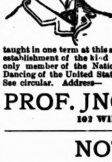

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(No branch academy)

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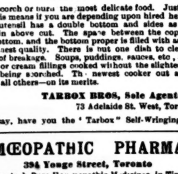
Crown



Cooker

Not to scorch or burn the most delicate food. Just think what this means if you are depending upon hired help.

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D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Ontario Legislature at its next session for an Act to incorporate the Ontario Co-operation of Disciples of Christ with powers for taking, holding and alienating property, real and personal.

The said Society is formed for the purpose of aiding missionary, educational and congregational efforts in connection with a body of Christians known as Disciples of Christ.

D. L. SINCLAIR,
Solicitor for the Applicants.

Dated at Toronto,
this 24th day of December, A. D. 1890.

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Bring the boy along and we will show something that will please you both.

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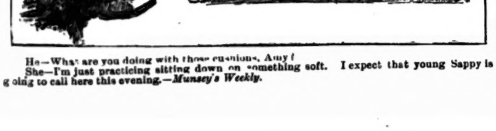
NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of Toronto, which should have taken place at the Office of the Company on the Seventh day of December, 1890, was adjourned to and will take place at the Office of the Company, No. 35 Front Street East, Toronto, on MONDAY, THE TWELFTH DAY OF JANUARY, A.D. 1891, at the hour of TWO O'CLOCK P.M. for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for the confirming and adoption of the annual statements of the present directors. Also for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

R. C. WARREN, Secretary.

Preparing Receive Him



He—What are you doing with those cushions, Amy?

She—I'm just practicing sitting down on something soft. I expect that young Sappy is going to call here this evening.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

The Finger Nails.

There is a common belief that the finger nails are poisonous; which idea is natural enough, considering the fact that scratches made by them are generally quite irritable and much inclined to unusual inflammation.

The reasoning is erroneous, however, for, as far as is known, the nails themselves do not have any poisonous properties. The trouble excited by them is due to the foreign deposits under them. In other words, if one keeps his finger nails clean, scratches caused by them will be no more irritable than those produced by any like instrument that is considered innocent.

The results of the examinations made in Vienna show that it is more important that the finger nails be kept clean than any would suppose. Seventy eight were made, and there were found thirty kinds of micrococci, eighteen different bacilli and three kinds of sarcinæ; besides, common mold spores were present in many instances.

It would seem from this that the spaces under the finger nails were favorable hiding places for minute organisms which are more or less prejudicial to health, and that therein lies the poisonous element attributed to the nails. Furthermore, that cleanliness of the nails is a very important essential. It is not sufficient to use merely a knife blade, but at the toilet a nail brush and plenty of soap and water should be called into service.

Surgeons long ago learned that deposits under the nails were a menace, and that through them wounds were easily poisoned. This led to extreme care in the matter of personal cleanliness on their own part and on the part of all their assistants. Before an operation is performed, all who touch the patient or the instruments which are to be used must first clean their hands thoroughly with soap and water, being especially careful to have the spaces under the nails absolutely clean. After this the hands are put into disinfectant solutions.—*Boston Post.*

"Golly! I'm glad my mother don't wear slippers like them."—*Puck.*

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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

CROFT—At Toronto, on New Year's day, Mrs. Wm. Croft—a son.
EYRE—At Lyn, on December 30, Mrs. G. N. C. Eyre—a daughter.
WILLIAMS—At Toronto, on December 20, Mrs. Walter H. Williams—a daughter.
SCROGGIE—At Parkdale, on January 4, Mrs. George Scroggie—a daughter.
BROWN—At Toronto, on New Year's Day, Mrs. John Brown—a daughter.
KANTEL—At Toronto, on January 1, Mrs. E. A. Kantel—a son.
LOMNITZ—At Toronto, on January 6, Mrs. E. J. Lomnitz—a daughter.
MORSON—At Cayuga, on January 6, Mrs. W. C. T. Morson—a daughter.

Marriages.

RANKIN—DUNCAN—At Toronto, on December 30, Arthur J. Rankin to Henrietta A. Duncan.
LIPSCOMBE—ARKELL—At Blenheim, on January 1, Harry J. Lipscombe to Lotta Arkell.
GEMMITJN—HARRIGON—At Parkdale, on December 31, Thomas G. Gemmiston to Susie Harrison.
POWARS—NEWSOM—At Orono, on December 31, Arthur A. Powers to Nellie Newsom.
SLEIGH—BEATTIE—At Toronto, on January 1, William H. Sleigh to Edith H. Beattie.
WILLIAMS—ROWSELL—At Brooklyn, N. Y., on December 31, R. G. Williams of Toronto to Louisa Mary Rowsell of Brooklyn, N. Y.
KIRKPATRICK—CLEGG—At Toronto, on New Year's Eve, Wm. E. Kirkpatrick to Libbie Clegg.
LIBBY—PHILLIPS—At Cobourg, on December 30, M. F. Libby of Toronto to Agnes Phillips.
REED—MASTIN—At Kincardine, on January 5, George H. Reed, B.A., of Markham to Clara Mastin.
COMER—LUXTON—At Toronto, on January 6, James Comer to Bessie Luxton.
DONGUM—PATERSON—At Toronto, on January 7, John Albert Dongum to Katie Paterson.
NASH—HAINER—At Newmarket, on January 7, William Nash of Toronto to Mrs. Minnie A. Hainer.
CROSBY—CHUTE—At Toronto, on January 5, Frank W. Crosby of Chicago to Mabel L. Chute of Brantford.

Deaths.

MURPHY—At Hamilton, on December 24, Cassie J. Murphy, aged 13 years.
SMITH—At Beaverton, on January 7, Mrs. Wm. Smith, aged 57 years.
BODDY—At Toronto, on January 5, William Boddy aged 75 years.
KAWIN—At Cornwall, Ont., on January 3, Mrs. Frances Kawin.
SLEMIN—At Toronto, on January 4, Mrs. Mary Slemin, aged 75 years.
TREW—In Stratford, on January 4, Mrs. Ann McLean Trew, aged 85 years.
WORDLEY—At Toronto, on January 5, Emma Kate Wordley, aged 16 years.
ARMSTRONG—At York, on January 2, Mrs. Edward Armstrong, aged 75 years.
WILKINSON—At Toronto, on January 3, George Wilkinson, aged 51 years.

WALKERS' WINTER SALE

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OVERCOATS Worth - - $ $9, $12, $16
Now - - - 3, 4, 9, 12

MANTLES
Selling with a 20 per cent. reduction off the newest styles in ULSTERS, NEWMARKETS and REDINGOTES, regardless of cost.

Garments worth $7 to $9, now selling at $5
Handsome Cloaks worth $10 to $15, now only $8
Pattern Dolmans and Cloaks at Half Price

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Discounted 20 to 50 per cent.

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MALONE—At Toronto, on January 4, Henry Malone, aged 65 years.
WOODS—At Toronto, on January 2, William Woods, aged 76 years.
SCHOFIELD—At Toronto, on January 2, William Schofield, a. ed 71 years.
MACGOWAN—At Orangeville, on December 27, Gordon McLavish MacGowan, aged 12 years.
LAWE—At Victoria Harbor, on December 30, Edward Marsden Lawe, aged 52 years.
CRYSLER—At Toronto, on January 4, Silas Crysler, aged 83 years.
GALBRAITH—At Pasadena, California, on December 23, Mrs Galbraith, aged 46 years.
COOPER—At Pueblo, Colorado, on January 5, Charles Henderson Cooper, aged 30 years.
COTTLE—At Toronto, on January 6, John E. Cottle, aged 64 years.
WOOD—At Toronto, on January 6, Thomas Wood, aged 60 years.
BALL—At Toronto, on December 24, Mrs. William Ball, aged 51 years.
RAWLINSON—On January 6, Mrs. Lydia Rawlinson, aged 61 years.
HEWSON—At Penetanguishene, on January 4, Alice Hewson, aged 1 year.
HANBURY—At Oshawa, on January 3, Barclay Hanbury, aged 4 months.
LITTON—At Ardavilling, County Cork, on November 29, 1890, Edward Falconer Litton, M. A., Q.C., aged 63 years.
McCLELLAND—At Shelburne, on January 5, Rev. T. J. McClelland, pastor of Knox church, aged 43 years.
REEVE—At Kingston, on January 6, Sarah Reeve, aged 35 years.

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OF
Boots and Shoes

Purchasers can save from 25 to 50 per cent. Stock must be reduced before taking annual inventory. No broken lots or shop-worn goods, but all regular lines of fine Shoes, in all sizes and widths, and every pair warranted a positive bargain.

Ladies' India Kid Buttoned Boots, worth $1.50, clearing at $1 per pair.

Ladies' Oil Pebble Buttoned Boots, worth $1.75, clearing at $1.25 per pair.

Ladies' Fine Dongola Kid Buttoned Boots, clearing at $1.50 per pair, regular price $2.

Ladies' Fine Dongola and French Kid Buttoned Boots, worth $2.75, offering at $2—special value.

Ladies' Common Sense and Waukenphast Boots, $2.50, $2.75 and $3 every, pair guaranteed.

Ladies' Fine French Kid Buttoned Boots in American and Eastern makes, in all sizes, widths, and styles, at less than manufacturers cash prices during this sale.

Men's Bals and Congress, Dancing Pumps, Slippers, &c., and Boys and Girls' School and Skating Boots, offering at one-third under actual value.

Rubbers and Overshoes at cost.

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Fashionable Furriers

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Manufacturers - - 101 Yonge Street

A full line of the leading English and American Silk and Felt Hats always in stock. A large consignment of Lincoln & Bennett's celebrated London Hats just arrived. Our new Illustrated Catalogue just out. Call or send for one.

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OFFER
THE GREATEST
THE GRANDEST
THE BIGGEST
Bargains Ever Offered, Previous to Remodelling Their Premises

Alterations begin February 1. Mantles clearing at half price. $10 Ulsters selling for $5. A similar cut on ever Jacket in stock.

Millinery at Your Own Price

Trimmed Millinery does not improve with lime dust, so that must go regardless of cost.
Dress Goods, Prints, Ginghams, Cottons, etc, at wholesale prices.

MacLEAN & MITCHELL, 240 and 242 Yonge Street

THE ALLIANCE
BOND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY
OF ONTARIO, Limited
INCORPORATED FEBRUARY 27, 1890
Capital, $1,000,000 Subscribed, $500,000
General Offices: 27 and 29 Wellington Street East, Toronto
President, W. Stone; Vice-Presidents, James Swift, Kingston; T. K. Holmes, M.D., Chatham; Cashier, Harry Vigeon; Solicitors, McPherson, Clark & Jarvis

The Company issue Bonds guaranteed to the face value. These Bonds are for amounts from $100, and can be bought for any number of years from five upwards.
These Bonds are payable by instalment, and the investor obtains guaranteed compound interest, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, and are repeatedly protected by a sinking fund invested in first-class real estate mortgages.
This Company is empowered by its charter to act as Administrator, Receivers, Trustees, Assignees, Liquidators and Agent under appointment by the Courts or individuals. Having special facilities for the winding up of estates, the Assignee branch of its business is solicited.
Being a responsible financial company, creditors can depend on prompt settlements and quick winding up of any estates they may entrust to the Company.

The Alliance Bond and Investment Company of Ontario (Limited)
Assignees, Administrators and Financial Agents
27 and 29 Wellington Street East - - - Toronto

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